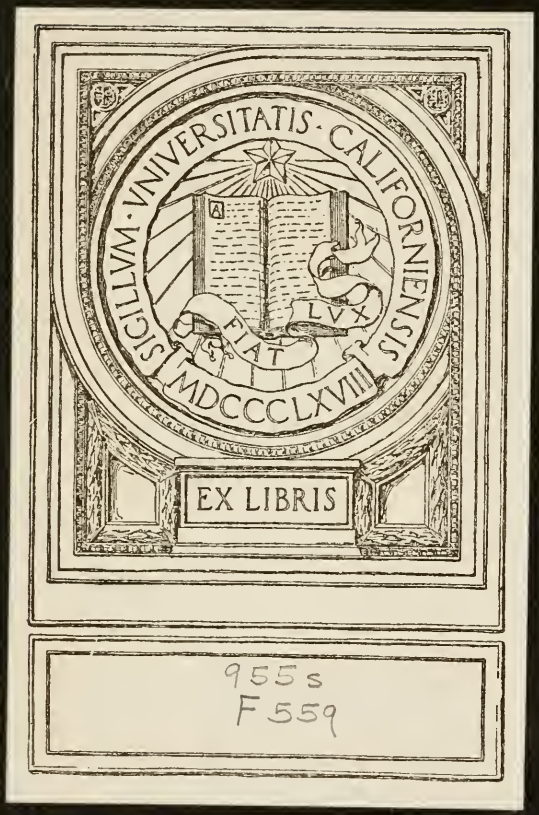
955s
F559


SIGILLVM · VNIVERSITATIS · CALIFORNIENSIS
LVX
FIAT
MDCCCLXVIII
EX LIBRIS

955s
F559

E. R. P. Collier Jr.
With the Author's Compts.
April 8. 1856.

WHO WROTE

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS?

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

BEING

AN INVESTIGATION

INTO

CERTAIN MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES ATTENDING THEIR PRODUCTION, AND AN INQUIRY INTO THE LITERARY AID WHICH SIR WALTER SCOTT MAY HAVE RECEIVED FROM OTHER PERSONS.

Wm. J. Fitzpatrick

LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER, AND CO., 65, CORN-HILL.
EDINBURGH: JOHN MENZIES, 61 AND 62, PRINCE'S-STREET.
DUBLIN: W. B. KELLY, 8, GRAFTON-STREET.
1856.
Price One and Six-pence.

INTRODUCTION.

When my first article on "Scott, and the Waverley Novels," had appeared in *Notes and Queries*, and had subsequently gone the rounds of the press, I was greeted on all sides with—"Oh, the arguments are very ingenious certainly, but of course Lockhart's Life of Scott must, when referred to, set them at rest."

As this opinion is somewhat general, I deem it relevant, before entering on the task I propose, to call my reader's attention to some characteristically acute views expressed twenty years since by the *Quarterly Review*—a work originally started under Sir Walter Scott's auspices, and edited from the year 1825 by his son-in-law and biographer, John Gibson Lockhart. The sarcastic critic, laughing at the popular credulity in so blindly swallowing volume after volume of "extemporaneous and contemporaneous biography," goes on to say:—

"We fear it must be confessed that at this moment biography is perhaps the very lowest of all the classes of literature: it has become a mere manufacture, which seems in a great measure to have superseded that of novels—much to the damage of the light reader, as well as the graver—the biographical romance being, for the most part, infinitely inferior in point of interest, and not very much superior in veracity.

. . . . . "There are some still more serious objections to this system of extemporaneous, and cotemporaneous biography, to *which even the best works of the class are liable*. The principal of these (with which indeed all the others are connected) is *the almost inevitable sacrifice of historical truth* to personal feelings.*

* "Lady Glenbervie told me that her father, Lord North, disliked reading history, because he always doubted its truth."—*Table Talk of Samuel Rogers.*

"Whether a man writes his own life, or *that of some dear friend lately deceased, it is evident that there must be such a favourable colour spread over the picture that its fidelity must be rather worse than dubious:* for even in a court of law the evidence of a party can only be admitted in the rare case in which it shall be against himself. Unfavourable or discreditable circumstances are generally passed over in silence; or if they should be of too much notoriety to be wholly unnoticed, they are so covered by the veil of partiality as hardly to be recognized. . . . . Upon the whole, we feel corroborated in our doubts, whether the very best of this species of biography can be considered in any other light than *a romance of real life*—a picture of which the principal figure *must be considerably flattered,** *and everything else sacrificed to its prominence and effect.*"†

The sarcastic acumen of these paragraphs is worthy of Mr. Lockhart, and very possibly they owe their existence to his pen.‡ The critique, from which I have cited them,

* For Sir William Gell's opinion of Mr. Lockhart's want of candour, in the "Life of Scott," see Appendix.

† These observations are introductory to an analysis of Sir James Mackintosh's Life, by his son. (*Quarterly Review*, vol. liv., p. 251.) "Sydney Smith," writes Moore, in his Diary (March 18, 1833), "in speaking of the meditated 'Life of Mackintosh,' by his son, said to me, 'How I wish it was in the hands of a certain friend of mine instead!'"

‡ Moore, in his "Thoughts on Editors," raises the following poetical monument to Lockhart's "tartarly pen," in the *Quarterly*, at this period:—

"No, editors don't care a button
What false, and faithless things they do;
They'll let you come and cut their mutton,
And then they'll have a cut at you.
* * * *
Alas, and must I close the list
With thee, my 'Lockhart, of the *Quarterly*,'
So kind, with bumper in thy fist—
With pen, so very gruff, and tartarly.
Now in thy parlour feasting me,
Now scribbling at me from thy garret—
Till 'twixt the two in doubt I be
Which sourest is, thy wit or claret."

appeared in the *Quarterly Review* three years previous to the publication of the "Memoirs of Sir Walter Scott." Of course that interesting biography, taken as a whole, does not deserve to be classed among the unreliable "Lives" sneered at by the *Quarterly;* but I certainly think it is not exempt from some traces of those very characteristics which the clearsighted reviewer pauses to notice.

Let it not be imagined that, in undertaking this work, I am actuated by any feeling of dislike towards the late Sir Walter Scott. On the contrary, I entertain a high respect for his genius, and fully appreciate the Shakspearean benefit which society has derived from its exercise. I do not aspire, with rough, unsparing hand, to tear down the laurels which shadow the grave of Scott. My purpose is mainly to collect some offshoots (which can well be spared), and having searched the churchyard for two uninscribed and forgotten graves, to set amidst their grass a simple wreath to indicate that genius sleeps below. Whilst there are cynics who may stigmatize this conduct as an unwarrantable intrusion, there are, no doubt, many friends to literature and justice who will regard it as a generous and a sacred task. I can with all sincerity say, that no personal feelings of prejudice, or partiality, influence me. With the families of Sir Walter or Thomas Scott, I never had the smallest intercourse. Most of the materials for the inquiry came to my hands unsought. They appeared to gather, day by day, without any effort on my part. At length I directed the attention of some literary friends, whose opinion I valued, to them—and they assured me, with every semblance of sincerity, that I possessed sufficient evidence to warrant me in publicly expressing my views.

It is a fact singularly strange (and in the present instance it will probably be exemplified) that the literary world are prone to regard as much more venial, the act of withdrawing a portion of a small author's fame, than to follow the same course in the case of one whose memory is prodigally loaded with panegyric. Which is really the more culpable,

he who takes from Dives, to give to Lazarus, or the man who takes Lazarus's mite to add to Dives' wealth? Repeatedly has the Rev. Charles Wolfe's authorship of the well known Ode on the Burial of Sir John Moore been offensively questioned. The literary press and public, so far from denouncing, aided the unhandsome attempt to deprive the poor poet of—his all! With a blind fascination towards brighter and more seductive names, men, scarcely knowing why, scoffed at the country curate's claims,* and successively declared that Moore, Campbell, or Barry Cornwall, must have written an ode, unsurpassed by any in the English language. There is much of the *ignis fatuus* about a brilliant name, which often leads astray, to the injury of many a good man's cause and reputation. Alexander Pope has been ridiculed and reviled for advancing the opinion, in his edition of Shakspeare, that the great Protagonist on the arena of modern poetry was not the author of the *Winter's Tale*, but some comparatively obscure and unknown poet. Can it be denied, that had the inferior dramatist written

* The following extract from *Blackwood's Magazine* (vol. xix. p. 334), affords a fair specimen of the tone not unfrequently pursued, by literary journals, towards the claims of Charles Wolfe. The observations conclude a favourable review of Russell's Memoirs of Wolfe.—"In conclusion, how could Mr. Russell publish the celebrated lines on the death of Sir John Moore, as the production of Mr. Wolfe, without giving us any proof whatever that they are so. What signify long rigmarole letters in newspapers? [This alludes to the Rev. Dr. Millar's letter, which *Notes and Queries* said, "clearly established Wolfe's claims to the authorship."] Mr. Russell is called upon to do this in the next edition of his admirable friend's remains. For our own part, we at this moment know nothing of the evidence on which Mr. Wolfe's claims to the authorship of these fine lines is founded.....That Mr. Wolfe had feeling and genius to write the lines we believe. But we have our doubts, and now assert them, in a spirit which Mr. Russell cannot after this article misunderstand."—About twelve years since, Doctor Anster, T.C.D., introduced to the notice of the Royal Irish Academy an interesting letter of the Rev. Charles Wolfe, which had been recently found among the papers of a deceased friend. The letter contained a copy of the Ode in Wolfe's autograph, and the several post marks fully corroborated its authenticity. Dr. Anster having observed that Byron, Moore, Campbell, and Barry Cornwall, had occasionally got the credit of these noble lines, recommended that a *fac simile* of the letter should be lithographed and preserved with the Reports of the Academy, in order to set the disputed point at rest for ever.

a play, which some new commentator, centuries after, discovered, on questionable authority, to have been—"*most probably*"—a Shakspearean creation, the world would cordially congratulate the commentator, and rush, *con amore*, to shove the humbler poet from his pedestal?

The author of the following pages, with a conscientious conviction of the justice of his labour, aspires to transfer a portion from the rich to the poor—not from the poor to the rich, as is every day exemplified in Sir Walter Scott's case, and especially in Mr. Lockhart's memoirs of that great man. The remarkable pamphlet published in 1837, entitled, "Refutation of Mr. Lockhart's Mis-statements and Misrepresentations," that gentleman's reply, and the opinions* of the independent press on the controversy, exhibit, in vivid colours, the disingenuous system of unfairly sacrificing every subordinate character in the work to the prominence and effect of the principal one.† It is this system which the *Quarterly Review*, in the passages already quoted, so justly and trenchantly condemns. With the general reading public, however, who do not take the trouble of analysing what they read, such books as the critic refers to are extremely popular; and even many professional Reviewers, of noted intellectual depth and discernment, are too much dazzled by the brilliancy of those rays which surround the *biographée*, to see what others, less influenced by strong partiality towards an existing *prestige*, must without difficulty detect.

My opening statement appeared, some time since, in *Notes and Queries*, and was inserted by the editor in as conspicuous a position as the importance of the subject seemed to demand. It was at once copied into the *Nation* and other journals of a literary character; and my arguments having, through their agency, received a ten-fold cir-

* For some of those opinions *see* Appendix.

† "Mr. Lockhart endeavours, throughout the whole of his work, to aggrandize the character of Sir Walter Scott, by depreciating that of the friends whom he most esteemed and trusted."—*Refutation of Mr. Lockhart's Misrepresentations in the Life of Sir Walter Scott. Bart.*

culation, I was perfectly inundated, for several days, with letters, some, as a matter of course, abusive, and others full of friendly offers of assistance.

The newspapers which copied the article from *Notes and Queries*, concluded a short commentary thereupon to the following effect:—

"Immediately on the appearance of the above, Mr. Francis Ballantyne published a letter in *Notes and Queries*, exhorting the public to 'suspend their judgment,' and requesting a 'fortnight's time' to collect information, and prepare a 'rebutting case,' but has quite failed in doing so. We believe a second and stronger communication will appear in this week's *Notes and Queries*, and we wait to see it, in order to give a *resumè* of the progress and close of the controversy."

"The second and stronger communication" never appeared. It was returned in a courteous letter from the editor, stating that, with every disposition to meet my wishes, he could not insert the article, as Sir Walter Scott's declaration in 1829 (revived in *Notes and Queries* of the previous week), that Thomas Scott was not "the author of the whole, or a great part of the Waverley Novels," must close a controversy, against the agitation of which he had received more remonstrances than I could have possibly anticipated.

For upwards of a month the subject had been vigourously debated. Curious corroboratory evidence, previously unknown to me, was adduced. At length two offensive documents, without a shadow of pretence to legitimate argument, were addressed to me. These formed the text of "the second, and stronger communication" already alluded to, and no delay occurred in preparing it. The editor, however, could not be induced to insert it; and the right of admission was vainly claimed on the strength of the established principle of the press—that when its columns are opened to an attack, the same privilege ought to be conceded to a reply. To remove the objection of length which the article no doubt possessed, I considerably reduced it, confining myself to such direct answers to the questions and

remarks of Messrs. Ballantyne and Shilletto,* as I considered the editor would have hardly hesitated to insert. I urged my arguments with temper and respect. I begged of him to reflect on the nature of my position, and see how humiliating it must prove to the dignity of a gentleman to be obliged to receive truculent attacks, in silence, when a single paragraph of reply would blow them to the winds. I felt that an unjust construction would be put upon this silence, and that Messrs. Ballantyne and Shilletto, together with that large segment of the public, whose prejudices they expressed, would exultingly regard it as a sure symptom of defeat. My arguments and remonstrances went for nought. Both communications were rejected, and I conceive that *Notes and Queries*, in pursuing this course, ceased, to some extent, to be what it professes—"a Medium of Intercommunication for Literary Men."

The temperate and respectful manner in which my remonstrances were urged, no doubt obtained for me the following civil paragraph, in reply to a private letter, expressing a determination to publish, at once, the evidence and arguments on the subject of the Waverley Novels, which the editor considered himself justified in suppressing. It appeared in that obscure department (doubly obscure from the insignificance of nonpareil type) known as "Notices to Correspondents," and which few, save those expectant of replies, ever take the trouble of poring over.

That gentlemanly courtesy which I, in common with many more, have received at other times from the editor and proprietor of *Notes and Queries*, is traceable in the following:—

"Waverley Novels.—We regret that W. J. F. should feel we do him an injustice in closing this subject before admitting his reply; his silence, in our columns, will not, we trust, after our explanation, be misconstrued. There can be little doubt that the pamphlet, which he is preparing on this question, will receive the attention of all who are of

* Two of the principal controversialists of my views.

opinion that the subject is one deserving of further investigation."

"Our explanation" alludes to the paragraph of editorial commentary which immediately succeeded the attack from Messrs. Ballantyne and Shilletto.—"We have inserted what, we fear, many of our readers may think more than enough, although not all the communications which have reached us on the question started by W. J. F. But in justice to Sir Walter Scott, whom we believe to have been incapable of uttering a falsehood, we quote from his General Preface to the novels his own distinct contradiction of the report 'which ascribed a great part, or the whole of these *Novels* to the late Thomas Scott, Esq.'"*

Sir Walter Scott might safely make this declaration without telling an absolute falsehood, as the sequel will shew, but certainly not without a certain amount of mental reservation, which, as the sequel will also shew, he never scrupled in his literary transactions.

I felt that *Notes and Queries* had treated me unfairly in refusing insertion to what temperately analysed two virulent attacks, and this feeling of irritation on my mind was not diminished, when I found Mr. S. W. Singer, F.S.A., a fortnight after asserting that I endeavoured to "deprive Sir Walter Scott of his novels," and that my "attempt" proved "abortive." Three weeks elapsed when the following extract from a letter, received on January 8 from an English gentleman of talent and integrity, probed the old wound:—"I think the editor of *Notes and Queries* has acted unfairly and injudiciously, but the time has not yet arrived when the popular, or literary world, will endure to hear the truth about Sir Walter Scott. This is corroborated by the courteous, but most cautious review of Mr. French's pamph-

* Sir Walter Scott goes on to say, that "the report had some alliance to probability, and *indeed might have proved, in some degree, true.*"—See General Preface to the "Waverley Novels." When I first started the question, I was unacquainted with this "denial" respecting Thomas Scott's claims to the "whole" authorship of the Tales.

let in last *Athenæum*. Have you noticed that the subject is indirectly opened again in *Notes and Queries* of Saturday last, by a long letter on the 'Bride of Lammermoor,' from James Haywood Markland, of Bath, in which he says that 'after the papers which have lately appeared in *Notes and Queries*, whatever evidence connects Sir Walter yet more closely with the works which bear his name, should be produced.' Dr. Markland is an old personal friend of Scott."*

It was after much hesitation that I started the subject in *Notes and Queries* at all, and I now, thus conspicuously, come before the public, with a not unnatural feeling of reluctance. The natural tendency of Truth is boldly to assert itself; but independent of this powerful consideration, I regard the course as unavoidable, my silence having been pertly triumphed over by some, and much misconstrued by many.†

Lest my readers should expect much, and be disappointed at the result, perhaps it is as well to let them know, before they have the trouble of going through the pages of this pamphlet, that I possess no autograph dying confession by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott, of their share in the Waverley Novels. I had no personal knowledge of what I sincerely believe occurred. Their amanuensis, if such ever existed, is not forthcoming. Thomas Scott's letters to Sir Walter Scott, and the Baronet's letters to his sister-in-law, which ought by right to have appeared in Mr. Lockhart's book,

* It was to Mr. Markland that these communications were addressed on the incipient arrangements of King's College, which Sir Walter declares (July 14, 1828) he "wrote himself blind and sick in composing." Mr. Lockhart, p. 688, speaks of "James Haywood Markland, Esq.," as the "excellent friend of Scott." He edited the *Chester Mysteries*.

† It is in this latter spirit that the *Athenæum* of January 5, 1856, while taking a retrospective glance at the upshot of a controversy which, as stated in *Notes and Queries*, "literary persons awaited with an interest amounting to excitement,"—finding that the pen which started the subject had ceased to pursue it, the *Athenæum* observed, after briefly viewing the progress of the inquiry, "These speculations, however, *may be said* to have died out where they arose."

remain veiled from the profane gaze. Suffice it to say, that my convictions rest on a long and a strong chain of striking circumstantial evidence, which, if it continues to gather with the rapidity it has done since I commenced my inquiry, must, in a short time, become irresistible.

In the following pages I place the evidence which has reached me honestly before the Public Tribunal, and let it there be judged. Not to give the world an opportunity of deciding a question, which in a very limited state of presentation* excited so wide and marked a sensation, would be a piece of inexcusable negligence on my part.

W. J. F.

April 2nd, 1856.

* See Appendix, p. 75.

INVESTIGATION

INTO

CERTAIN MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES ATTENDING THE

AUTHORSHIP OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

THE ORIGINAL COMMUNICATION TO "NOTES AND QUERIES."

"It has often seemed to me, and I believe to others, that the seventy-four volumes of the Waverley Novels could hardly have been the work of Sir Walter Scott's pen exclusively. People have latterly whispered that Alexander Dumas* and Mr. G. P. R. James receive, *sub rosa*, considerable assistance in their Novel manufactures. The interesting 'Tales of the O'Hara Family,' which some thirty years ago excited a marked sensation in literary circles, were, until quite recently, believed to owe their popularity entirely to John Banim. A memoir of Mr. Banim, at present appearing in the *Irish Quarterly Review*, informs the public that his brother Michael, ex-Mayor of Kilkenny, wrote 'Crohoore of the Bill Hook,' the Croppy,'—in fact, some of the very best of the O'Hara Tales.† Recent memoirs of Hannah More assure us that Bishop Porteous flung his masculine thought and sense into her famous novel of 'Cœlebs in Search of a Wife.' Sir Walter Scott had a brother who died in America, on Valentine's Day, 1823, singularly endowed with literary taste and talent. There is little known of him; and, except by a few personal friends, he was, even at Sir Walter Scott's death, forgotten. Various accounts which have reached me from time to time, decidedly warrant

* M. E. de Saint Maurice Cabany, Perpetual Director General of the "Société des Archivistes de France," in a letter to the author *a propos* to the above article, writes:—"Ce que vous dites d'Alexandre Dumas, au debut de vos articles est vrai: son principal collaborateur a été M. Auguste Maquet; mais Dumas etait si essential a la vitalite de ces œuvres que depuis que, Maquet est seul, ce dernier n'a rien produit de bon."—[*Published by permission.*]

† This assertion was received by an anonymous writer in the *Brighton Guardian* with a storm of wrath; and he declared that if the *Irish Quarterly Review* made any such allegation in its memoir of Banim, it must have been "done" by myself, in order to give colour to the article on Scott. From these hostile insinuations a correspondence grew out, which appears at full length in the *Irish Quarterly Review* for March, 1856.

the opinion that Thomas Scott, Paymaster of the 70th Regiment, together with his gifted wife, had some important share in the composition of the 'Waverley Novels.' Some of these masterpieces of fictitious narrative appeared in such rapid succession, that the mere manual labour of transcribing could not possibly have been accomplished by any ordinary writer in the time. Sir Walter must have had friendly assistance; but he was not a man likely ever to have revealed any secret calculated to lower his literary *prestige*. The whole secret, if any, died thirty-three years ago far away in the plantations of Canada. Nobody expected to find any startling revelations in Scott's 'Life,' by his son-in-law, and none were found. In any case, it would have been most difficult for Lockhart to know all Scott's literary doings. In chap. xxxvi. he expresses his ignorance of how far Sir Walter was concerned in Terry's dramatised version of 'Guy Mannering,' but presumes 'that he modified the plot, and re-arranged the dialogue.' Similar expressions of doubt appear in the book. Nor is it surprising. The vigour of the 'Waverley Novels' had begun to flag before Lockhart ever saw Scott.

"In the *Quebec Herald* of July 15, 1820, a curious article may be found. It consists of selections from the correspondence of a literary gentleman in Canada with a friend in the States, and the following I considered well worth extraction. I send the original scrap:—

"'*York, Dec.* 12, 1818.

"'With respect to these new publications, "Rob Roy," &c., I have no hesitation in saying I believe them to be the production of the Scotts. I say the Scotts, because Mr. Thomas Scott (who wrote the principal part of them) was often assisted by Mrs. Scott; and the works were generally revised by his brother Walter before going to press. The "Antiquary" I can answer for particularly, because Mr. Thomas Scott told me himself that he wrote it, a very few days after it appeared in this country. Any person who had the least intimacy with the paymaster would at once recognize him as the author of these celebrated works. The same native humour, the same cast of expression, and that intimate acquaintance with Scottish manners and the Scottish annals, which are in almost every page of those works, could be traced in his conversation by any person of the least observation. Besides this, I have often heard Mrs. Scott describe the very originals from whom the principal characters are drawn. The Antiquary himself was an intimate acquaintance of the paymaster; his name I have now forgotten, but he lived in Dumfries;* and that finely drawn character, Dominie

* Almost the only reference made by Lockhart to Mrs. Thomas Scott is that at p. 239 (Edit. 1845), where she is mentioned as having passed much of her

Sampson, was an old college acquaintance. Flora M'Ivor's character was written by Mrs. Scott herself. I have seen several of the manuscripts, in Mr. Scott's possession, of his other works; but I do not recollect seeing any of the novels in manuscript except the "Antiquary." I am pretty certain that it is his own handwriting.'

"Thomas Scott lived but a few years after this remarkable disclosure. Among the few letters from Sir Walter to him, which appear in Lockhart's book, I was particularly struck with the following passages in a letter written during the autumn of 1814:—

"'Send me a novel, intermixing your exuberant and natural humour with any incidents and descriptions of scenery you may see, particularly with characters and traits of manners. I will give it all the cobbling that is necessary, and, if you do but exert yourself, I have not the least doubt it will be worth £500; and to encourage you, you may, when you send the manuscript, draw on me for £100 at fifty days' sight; so that your labours will, at any rate, not be quite thrown away. You have more fun and descriptive talent than most people; and all that you want, *i. e.* the mere practice of composition, I can supply, or the devil's in it. Keep this a dead secret, and look nothing when Waverley is spoken of. If you are not Sir John Falstaff, you are as good a man as he, and may, therefore, face Colville of the Dale. . . . Mind that your MS. attends the draft. I am perfectly serious and confident, that in two or three months you might clear the cobs. I beg my compliments to the hero who is afraid of Jeffrey's scalping knife.'*

"Throughout the remainder of the book, I can find no further references to this matter; but six years after (July 23rd, 1820), Sir Walter concludes a letter to Thomas, then stationed at Kingston, Canada, with the following curious passage:—'My dear Tom., it will be a happy moment, when circumstances shall permit us a meeting on this side Jordan, as Tabitha says, to talk over *old* stories, and lay *new* plans.' The biographer, Mr. Lockhart, does not venture an opinion as to what these '*old stories*' and '*new plans*' meant.

early life at Dumfries. Many of the more finely drawn characters introduced in the "Scotch Novels" are professedly daguerreotyped from Dumfries' originals. Mrs. Scott's maiden name was Elizabeth MacCulloch. When resident at Dumfries, she and her brother enjoyed the friendship and intellectual society of Robert Burns. Mrs. Thomas Scott was educated at Dumfries. Her family (the MacCullochs of Ardwell) resided there occasionally—her maternal grandmother, Mrs. Corsand, constantly. It is hardly probable that Mrs. Scott resided in Dumfries for any time after her marriage.

* Probably this playful allusion was to Mrs. Thomas Scott, whom Sir Walter, on the strength of an old friendship, loved to banter. More of this hereafter. Jeffrey had shortly before complained in the *Edinburgh Review* of the carelessness of style, and inartificialities of plot in Waverley, but clearly discerned, and frankly applauded, its substantial merit of tone and design.

How many of the 'Waverley Novels' did Thomas Scott forward to his brother for revision, is a question to which these notes of mine may elicit a reply. What amount of matter each originally contained, is not my present inquiry; Sir Walter, no doubt, supplied much, and omitted much. Many of the humorous characters are, most likely, Thomas Scott's creation. As Beaumont curtailed the redundancies of Fletcher's wit, so, probably, acted Scott towards his brother's ebullitions. That Mrs. Thomas Scott furnished much character, legendary lore, and topographical matter, I have reason to believe.

"On December 22, 1815, Sir Walter, in a letter to Mr. J. B. S. Morritt, M. P., announces his intention of applying himself seriously to the 'Antiquary,' of which he had in his position a 'general sketch.' On May 16, 1816, addressing the same party, Scott speaks of the 'Antiquary,' then three days published, as not so interesting as its predecessors. Scott discerned its defects with a critic's, not a father's eye. That able critic, Francis Horner, in a letter to his sister (Life, vol. ii. p. 355), pronounces the 'Antiquary' 'inferior as a story to the other two.'

"From the American letter, it would also appear that Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott gave important assistance to 'Waverley' and 'Guy Mannering.' Very likely. I do not see how Sir Walter could well have accomplished them in the time. In the year 1814, according to Lockhart, he produced the 'Lord of the Isles,' the voluminous 'Life and Works of Swift (19 vols.), Essays on 'Chivalry,' and the 'Drama,' his elaborate 'Yacht Diary,' the curious 'Memorie of the Somervilles,' 'Rowland letting off the Humours of the Blood, with Annotations,' the best part of 'Waverley' (of course), Account of the 'Eyrbriggia Saga,' and other compositions of lesser importance. 'He had also,' writes his son-in-law, 'kept up his private correspondence on a scale which I believe never to have been exemplified in the case of any other person who wrote continually for the press, except, perhaps, Voltaire; and, to say nothing of strictly professional duties, he had, as a vast heap of documents before me proves, superintended from day to day, except during his Hebridean voyage, the still perplexed concerns of the Ballantynes, with a watchful assiduity that might have done credit to the most diligent of tradesmen. The "machine" might truly require "refreshment."'

"Mr. Lockhart is of opinion (p. 306, Edit. of 1845) that, on December 25, 1814, no part of 'Guy Mannering' had been written by Sir Walter Scott. On that day he wrote to Constable, that he had corrected the last proofs of his 'Lord of the Isles,' and was setting out for Abbotsford to refresh the machine. We will allow him, I suppose, at least a week of repose after the intellectual labour described by Mr. Lockhart. On or about January 2, 1815,

then, Sir Walter, according to the family accounts, commenced 'Guy Mannering.' 'Before the "Lord of the Isles"* was published (continues Mr. Lockhart), which took place on January 18, 1815, two volumes of "Guy Mannering" had been not only written and copied by an amanuensis, but printed.'

"Eight hundred pages of 'Guy Mannering' composed, written, transcribed, and printed,† in sixteen days! I confess I am sceptical of the statement. The printing and proof-correcting alone could hardly have been accomplished within twice the time.‡ Had this rate of easy, "refreshing" occupation been followed up, no less than four volumes a month, or forty-eight volumes a year, would have appeared.

"Mr. Lockhart mentions, p. 419, that three large sheets of writing, equal to about fifteen pages of print, were regarded by Scott, when in the full vigour of his power, as a good day's work: and to illustrate his statement, the biographer appends a *fac simile* page of the manuscript. Sir Walter, however, who ought to know best, records in his diary, of January 23, 1826. the fact, that he 'wrote on that day until twelve o'clock, A.M., finishing half of what he called a good day's work—ten or twelve pages of print.' According to this standard (ten pp.) Sir Walter would seem to have taken eighty instead of sixteen days, to achieve the eight hundred pages of 'Guy Mannering.' He was never able, however, to continue working even at the rate of ten or twelve pages of print *per diem*. His journal reveals the multifarious engagements and interruptions which constantly beset the path of his progress. Some days we find him writing only two pages and a-half of print, while on others even less. Viewing the evidence furnished by Scott's own diary and correspondence, it appears reasonable to assume, that about five pages daily may be regarded as the average of his literary labour. But considering that, at the very time when 'Guy Mannering' is

* Alluding to this poem, Mr. Lockhart writes:—"Its appearance so rapidly following 'Waverley,' and accompanied with the announcement of another prose tale, just about to be published, by the same hand, puzzled and confounded the mob of dulness"—rather an ungracious allusion to that extensive body generally styled "a discerning public."

† I have not been able to see the first edition of "Guy Mannering," but judging from the style in which most of its contemporary fictions were brought out, "Tales of the O'Hara Family" for instance, each volume contained about four hundred pages of large Pica type.

‡ A respectable master printer tells me, it is utterly impossible the mere "working off" (*i. e.* printing after the type had been set) could have been accomplished within the time stated. When people take into account that "Guy Mannering" was published forty-two years ago, the statement bears impossibility upon the very face of it. Printing was then, comparatively speaking, in its infancy. No printing office could boast, in those days, of the advantages of a steam-press. In the *Times* office there were always two "settings-up" of type to save time.

presumed to have been in progress, Sir Walter was '*refreshing*' himself in the country after one of the most laborious literary campaigns on record, it is surely generous to concede even the average of five printed pages daily. At this rate one hundred and sixty, instead of sixteen days, would seem necessary to the task. On some future occasion I may state in detail the grounds on which I rest my opinion, that Scott's labour in preparing the exquisite romance of 'Guy Mannering' for the press was not greater than that of a careful editor, who fluently fills up, and judiciously strikes out. Of course its success depended on that delicacy of artistic touch, and Shakspearean breadth of judgment, which Sir Walter Scott could alone impart and wield.*

"Perhaps some person, disposed to upset the startling statements of the *Quebec Herald*, may, if it be in his power, refer to the manuscript of the *Antiquary*, and find it to be in Sir Walter Scott's handwriting. I should not be surprised to hear this. Sir Walter Scott thought nothing of transcribing, even when no particular object was to be gained by doing so. Moore mentions in his Diary, that when he got books for review he copied the extracts sooner than cut them in the usual way. Mr. Lockhart relates several instances in which Scott, for the purpose of mystification, transcribed the writings of certain cotemporaries of his acquaintance."

The foregoing, with some trifling alteration, is as it originally appeared in *Notes and Queries*. Ere I had cut the leaves of my presentation copy, a shoal of unexpected letters, arriving in brisk succession, proved that my article had produced a stronger impression than I had either anticipated or desired. The anonymous portion of this correspondence scurrilously attacked me for daring to intrude my sacrilegious pen on ground exclusively occupied by Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law, and literary executor; while other letters, viewing the matter in a more rational light, courteously offered assistance to the pending inquiry. I had always respected highly Sir Walter Scott's character, and in endeavouring to prove that he exercised one of the prerogatives†

* The writer of the article "Scott" in *Rose's Biographical Dictionary*, vol. xi., expresses his conviction that "many of the Waverley Novels bear evidence of reading for the purpose of finding materials to fill up a previously sketched outline."

† Speaking of Shakspeare, a writer says:—"That he got large aid from people, often unconsciously to themselves, there can be no doubt. It is the singular prerogative of high genius to exact tribute from every mind it meets; and it would be a curious study to analyse (if it were possible) the ideas and incidents that he borrowed and assimilated." The same might be said of Mirabeau.

of genius in exacting tribute from inferior minds, it did not appear to me, as it did to some, that my arguments were calculated to draw contempt upon his memory. I felt amazed and pained at the idea of such a thought existing, as that, from a feeling of dislike towards the late Sir Walter Scott, I was seeking to wound his posthumous fame. Panic-stricken at the stream of scurrility which dripped upon me, I addressed a short letter to *Notes and Queries*, mentioning the unexpected effect of my paper, and disclaiming having entertained aught but deep respect for the memory of so great a man. "If," said I, "he received any assistance in his Herculean and generous labour, it is no disgrace. That there still exists some mystery to be cleared up in connexion with the composition of the 'Waverleys' is, I think, most probable; and as the main objects of *Notes and Queries* is to elicit facts, I cannot be blamed for having contributed an inquiry interesting without being insidious, and certainly not obtrusive." From the instantaneous cessation of that evidence, which at first indicated to me the posture of public opinion in respect to *my* simple statement of views, this short note would seem to have removed the undesired impression; but strange to say, four weeks after, it was made the subject of a direct attack upon me by Mr. Richard Shilletto, of the University of Cambridge.

In juxtaposition with my own letter, I was gratified to see the following manifesto authenticated by a name familiar to all who have read the life of Sir Walter Scott. That the Ballantyne family possessed, for many years, his confidence and friendship is well known.

"SCOTT AND THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

"In reference to W. J. F.'s article in the last number of your interesting journal, headed—'*Were all the Waverley Novels written by Sir Walter Scott?*' I have *now* only to say that his statements and arguments are *certainly startling;* but I am not without hope that in about a fortnight's time I shall be able to collect such information as cannot fail to rebut the charge he now so plausibly makes. I request your readers to suspend their judgment.

"FRANCIS BALLANTYNE.

"*Liverpool.*"

This appeal to the literary world, coupled with some

curious communications in support of my own views, excited a marked sensation. On the following Saturday, Mr. John Wodderspoon, author of "Historic Sites of Suffolk," and "Memorials of Ipswich," wrote as follows:—

"The question which has been raised, through the medium of *Notes and Queries*, relative to the assistance given to Sir Walter Scott in the composition of the 'Waverley Novels,' is one of the most important that has yet been mooted in your interesting pages. Literary persons wait with impatience for the appearance of the information which Mr. Francis Ballantyne believes he may be able to afford us in about a fortnight's time, proving a negative to the acute suggestions and presumptions of W. J. F. This information, it is hoped, may not be longer delayed than the period stated."

A writer, well known to the readers of periodical literature under the signature of "F. C. H.," followed up Mr. Wodderspoon's letter, with a communication displaying characteristic research "in corroboration," as he said, "of the opinion put forth by me." Weeks elapsed, and the interest increased. At length Mr. F. Hughes, of Chester, in "adding his mite to the materials for solving the question," exclaimed—"Mr. Ballantyne's fortnight has expired!

During this interval of suspense, I drew up the following note, and published it in *Notes and Queries*:—

"I have received a very characteristic letter from an eminent *litterateur*, in reference to my recently expressed doubts as to whether Sir Walter Scott was the exclusive writer of the 'Waverley Novels.' The gentleman I refer to does not wish his name to be brought before the public in connexion with this subject, but I suppose has no objection that I transcribe a portion both of his letter and my reply. Perhaps, I ought to preface the former by observing, that with some of the views expressed I do not concur.

"'I see *Notes and Queries* weekly, and I should have been as blind as a bat not to have seen your interesting paper. Of course, the ghosts of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott appeared to you, else what the d——l could have put it into your head to urge such "startling arguments," as Ballantyne says, in favour of their claims to the authorship? They demand a share of the laurels, and as far as I can judge, they are fairly entitled to a sprig or two. Scott's intellect was like granite, massive and sparkling. The world might throw their fool's cap at seeing through it, and I perfectly agree with you that a literary secret or two, after remaining many a year quiet in his granite mind, petrified congenially, and could never after by

possibility be extracted, no matter what insinuating engine of importunity was brought to bear. Scott was a great man, and, like every other great man, a strange man. Through life he loved and fattened on mystification. It was a striking characteristic of Scott that love for mystery. He never was candid about his productions or their history, although he sometimes feigned, and appeared to be so. . . . . There is one point I want you to clear up for us. I never heard the name of Thomas Scott until you mentioned it. You say he was 'singularly endowed with literary taste and talent.' He may have been, but as well as I can remember, you do not give your authority for this statement, as you do for the others; and in the present day of imposture and incredulity, by Jove! nobody will believe anything without irrefragable proof.

" 'Ever yours, &c.'

"To which I replied:—

" 'My dear Sir,—Your question is, I am happy to say, easily answered. If you look to Lockhart's "Life of Scott," chap. xviii., you will find a letter from Sir Walter to his brother, furnishing ample evidence to prove that Thomas Scott, now forgotten, was once a man of known "literary taste and talent." In 1809, the *Quarterly Review* was first established. Scott laboured to enrol an efficient literary staff, and amongst others sought the aid of "Thomas, who on the breaking up of his affairs in Edinburgh," writes Mr, Lockhart, "had retired to the Isle of Man, and who shortly afterwards obtained the office, in which he died, of Paymaster to the 70th Regiment. The poet had a high opinion of his brother's literary talents, and thought that his knowledge of our ancient dramatists, and vein of comic narration, might render him a very useful recruit.'

" '*To Thomas Scott, Esq., Isle of Man.*

" 'Dear Tom,—Owing to certain pressing business, I have not yet had time to complete my collection of Shadwell for you, though it is now nearly ready. I wish you to have all the originals to collate with the edition in 8vo.* But I have a more pressing employment for your pen, and to which I think it particularly suited. You are to be informed, but underthe seal of the strictest secrecy, that a plot has been long hatching by the gentlemen who were active in the Anti-Jacobin paper, to countermine the *Edinburgh Review*, by establishing one which should display similar talent and independence, with a better strain of politics. . . . . Now, as I know no one who possesses more power of humour, or perception of the ridiculous,

* Thomas Scott had projected an edition of Shadwell's plays, as much forgotten in 1809, as he himself has become since.—W. J. F.

than yourself, I think your leisure hours might be most pleasantly passed in this way. Novels, light poetry, and quizzical books of all kinds, might be sent to you by the packet; you glide back your Reviews in the same way, and touch, upon the publication of the number (quarterly), ten guineas per printed sheet of sixteen pages. *If you are shy of communicating* directly with Gifford,* you may, for some time at least, send your communications through me, and *I will revise them.* We want the matter to be a profound secret till the first number is out. If you agree to try your skill, I will send you a novel or two. You must understand, as Gadshill tells the Chamberlain, that you are to be leagued with 'Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport's sake, are content to do the profession some grace;' and thus far I assure you, that if by paying attention to your style and subject, you can distinguish yourself creditably, it may prove a means of finding you powerful friends were anything opening in your island.

"'Yours affectionately,

"'W. S.'"

"Thomas Scott survived eleven years after this date. It is probable that 'the style' of a man of such promise matured richly during the interim.

"I await with anxiety and impatience the promised rebutting case of Mr. Francis Ballantyne. I am happy to find F. C. H. '*corroborating*' by '*strong*' evidence, previously unknown to me, my opinion."

This communication was followed by a somewhat unexpected missive from Mr. Edgar MacCulloch of Guernsey, a cousin of Mrs. Thomas Scott's.

"Mr. Thomas Scott married Elizabeth MacCulloch, of Ardwell, near Gatehouse of Fleet, in Kirkcudbrightshire. . . . . Her knowledge of the legendary lore of her native province of Galloway is said, by those who had the pleasure of her acquaintance, to have been very great. It was generally thought in her family that she had supplied many of the anecdotes and traits of character which Sir Walter Scott worked up in his Scotch novels. Much of the scenery described in *Guy Mannering* appears to have been sketched from localities in the immediate vicinity of Mrs. Scott's birthplace, a remarkable cavern, the cove of Kirkclaugh, for example, being pointed out to tourists as Dirk Hatteraick's cave. It is asserted (for the fact, of course, I cannot vouch),† that Sir Walter Scott never was in that

* The Editor.

† *I* can vouch, on the strength of reliable evidence just received, that Sir W. Scott never was in Galloway.— W. J. F.

part of the country. If this be the case, the minute description of places answering so closely to real localities is, to say the least, a very remarkable coincidence, and warrants the supposition that, in this point, Sir Walter may have been indebted to the assistance of some one well acquainted with the scenes so vividly depicted.

"Many of the features in the character of the miser, Morton of Milnwood, in *Old Mortality*, are traditionally ascribed to a Mr. MacCulloch of Barholm, who lived about the time of the civil wars described in that novel."

Mr. MacCulloch went on to say that these circumstances appeared to him worthy of being recorded, and might, perhaps, tend to elicit further information on the subject.

A gentleman, well known and respected in the Alma Mater of his native country, followed Mr. MacCulloch with this interesting communication:—

"I knew Thomas Scott well; he always appeared to me to have a much more brilliant intellect than his brother Walter. Major Scott (the third brother) was a sleepy-minded man, who entertained a 'pro-di-gi-ous' dislike to all intellectual effort, except, indeed, it might have been a game of whist, and of this he was remarkably fond. Walter often seemed dull and absent in society. Thomas had a certain amount of indolence, however, which prevented him from following a regular literary life; in which, otherwise, he could not have failed to be distinguished. His wife (*née* Elizabeth MacCulloch, of Ardwell) was also highly gifted, and was stored with old Scotch traditions, anecdotes, and historical reminiscences. I always knew she had a talent for writing; she, however, was sensitive on this point, and her friends rarely alluded to it. I am certain she had more literary industry than Thomas Scott. I believe she is dead; at least, I have heard nothing of her for very many years. When I knew her, she had a son (Walter), a lieutenant in the East India Company's service; and either three or four daughters, named Jessie, Anne, and Eliza. Of these only one was married. She was a Mrs. Huxley. Elizabeth MacCulloch, *alias* Scott, had a brother named David. Both knew Burns intimately, when living at Dumfries; David was considered the best singer of Burns' songs. Burns, it is said, used to secure David's assistance when composing, and make him try over the words vocally. I have to apologize for occupying so much space, but I think it likely that Mrs. Thomas Scott gave more assistance to the *Waverley Novels* than her husband. . . . Walter, even as a poet, must, to the end of time, be regarded as possessing a powerful and sparkling genius, and no man dare dim its lustre by breathing suspicion; but I certainly think, with W. J. F. and F. C. H., that the matter is well worth inquiring into, and

that any person who studies the dates in Lockhart's *Memoirs* must, without any other evidence, entertain grave suspicion that Sir Walter was not the author of *all* the *Waverley Novels*. Literary persons await the decision of this question with an interest absolutely amounting to something like excitement.

"R. E. B.

"*Trinity College, Dublin.*"

The "suspended judgment" of the literary world was at length relieved by Mr. Ballantyne's long-promised "rebutting case." Here it is:—

"From what Mr. Wodderspoon says, I believe your correspondents expect much from me on the subject lately mooted by W. J. F. and backed by F. C. H. Alas, I fear they will be, in some degree, disappointed; for, notwithstanding diligent inquiry in quarters where I expected to find much zeal and information, I met with indifference among some, and ignorance with others: but from what I knew already, I hope to be able to shake the force of W. J. F.'s arguments.

"Sir Walter Scott was well known to possess as much honour and integrity as any gentleman in Scotland. Can his assurance to Lord Meadowbank, on Feb. 23, 1827, be seriously discredited by W. J. F. when Sir Walter emphatically declared (*and this declaration remains on record to confront him*) that he was the sole and undoubted author of the *Waverley Novels?* Who but Scott possessed the ability to write such masterpieces of composition? I am not aware that Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott ever distinguished themselves in literary pursuits.

"Whatever circumstantial evidence W. J. F. has produced to prove *The Antiquary* not to be the work of Sir W. Scott (and even this I do not subscribe to), he has not brought forward, as I take it, a single authority to substantiate the assumption that Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott 'gave important assistance to *Waverley* and *Guy Mannering*.' *Guy Mannering*, above all the other novels, Scott has been frequently heard to declare was 'the work of a few weeks at Christmas:' *The Antiquary* was avowedly his favourite novel, and certainly if he was not the author of those books, I think it most improbable (and you, Mr. Editor, will, I am sure, agree with me) that a man of such unblemished integrity and honour would complacently refer to them, over and over, as his own. Would he risk his fair fame by placing it on a pedesdal so rickety? No, sir! W. J. F.'s efforts, and F. C. H.'s efforts, to 'lay the bairn at a certain do or,' are futile, and deserve nought but ridicule.

"Francis Ballantyne.

„ *Liverpool.*"

An analysis of this "rebutting case" would not, I should say, be attended with the discovery of much legitimate argument. In this instance, Mr. Ballantyne acted, no doubt, as the mouthpiece of a large portion of the public. A larger portion, however, were, I am inclined to think, dissatisfied with his reply.

There appeared, co-operatively, in the same impression of *Notes and Queries*, a hostile missive, signed Richard Shilletto, and whose modest position (the last of six communications on the subject) would seem at first inconsistent with his swaggering attitude and inflated tone. Having stigmatized as "a mare's nest," what I and others considered a rather strong case, he concluded by saying that heretofore he signed his "notes" and "queries?" with the anagram "Charles Thiriold," but that on the present occasion he would depart from this custom, and actually reveal "for obvious reasons" (*not* obvious to me), his veritable cognomen Richard Shilletto—a name much more like an anagram surely than Charles Thiriold. This gentleman, who gave his address as Cambridge, grappled with my supplemental letter (*ante*, p. 19) declaratory of the respect I entertained for Scott's memory, and expressive of the opinion that a literary inquiry into the presumed share which Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott had in the Waverley Novels was not calculated to blight (as some of my anonymous correspondents imagined) the great man's fame. Mr. Shilletto, having hunted up some declarations of Sir Walter Scott in 1827 and 1829, first that he was "the sole and unassisted author of all the novels," and secondly that Thomas Scott was not the author of "the whole or a great part of the Waverley Novels," offered me, as he said, "either horn of a dilemma," either to uphold untruths as respectable, or confess ignorance. "Upholding a standard of literary morality, which is profoundly low, or entitling myself to an eminently high niche in Castle Ignorance!"

I at first felt a little staggered by these revived declarations of Sir Walter Scott (not having been acquainted with them when I started the subject), but after some reflection and inquiry arrived at the conclusion that they merely constituted a temporary obstacle, and were not of sufficient weight (when duly analysed) to warrant the total abandonment of the inquiry.

I promptly drew up an answer to the joint onslaught of

Messrs. Ballantyne and Shilletto, believing that having been assailed I had every license and right to reply. The expressed determination of the Editor to terminate all further agitation of the controversy has been noticed, and recorded in the preface.

My answer formed the skeleton of the following somewhat elaborate article. I have dovetailed into it many points, observations, and particles ofevidence, which, in the course of some reading and some intercourse since, I deemed worthy of noting. The original communication would have formed in size about the one-twelfth part of the following.

Mr. Ballantyne's long promised "rebutting case" has at length appeared. It has been looked forward to by literary persons with "impatience," as we are assured by Mr. Wodderspoon, of Norwich. Many parties, to my knowledge, interested in the question, refrained from uttering their views, until the "important information," promised by Mr. Ballantyne in a "fortnight's time," should have appeared. It is well known that the Ballantyne family possessed, for a considerable period, more of Sir Walter Scott's confidence than even his immediate family. Every reader of Lockhart's Life of Scott must be aware of this. I was, therefore, surprised and gratified, when Mr. Francis Ballantyne started forth from his retirement, and while the effect of my searching inquiry into Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott's presumed share in the authorship of the Waverley Novels was yet fresh on the public mind, exhorted every reader of *N. & Q.*, to "*suspend his judgment*," until he could produce such "information as could not fail" to shake my "startling arguments," and "rebut the charge I so plausibly made." I was gratified to see this, because it justified me in believing, that I had sufficient grounds to undertake what I much fear has appeared to many as an ungracious task.

During the interval the "interest," according to another of your correspondents, swelled to such a degree, as "absolutely to amount to excitement." This feeling, day by day, increased. At length Mr. Thos. Hughes, of Chester, while adding his mite to the materials "for solving the question," announced, "Mr. Ballantyne's fortnight has expired!"

Mr. Ballantyne at last emerged into notice, not confident in the strength of his "rebutting case," as many sanguinely expected, but tremulously expressing a "hope, that he might be able to shake the force of W. J. F.'s arguments." When I started the subject I was totally unacquainted with, or had totally forgotten, the assurances of Sir W. Scott, in 1827, to Lord Meadowbank and others, to the effect that he was the sole and unassisted author of the Waverley Novels. These assurances have just been raked up to render any persistence of mine in their curious inquiry awkward. I had not read the "Waverleys," or Lockhart's Life* for several years, and merely referred to the index of the latter lately to find the allusions to Thomas Scott. My impression was, that from 1824 Sir Walter went to no trouble whatever in assuring the public either way, but let them draw their own conclusions. I considered that his authorship of the novels was quite an understood thing from 1822. The *Dublin Inquisitor* for February, 1821, records the fact, that Sir Walter's son, then a cornet in the 18th Hussars, and quartered at Portobello Barracks, near Dublin, was in the habit of openly avowing his father's paternal interest in the "Scotch romances."

Having advanced into the arena, it is, of course, impossible to go back, and it now behoves me, not only to maintain my position with every available argument, and thus armed, dispute the ground, inch by inch, but bring to the rescue a reserved guard, which has hitherto remained concealed.

That the author of "Marmion" would descend to the degrading practice of falsehood, in his ordinary intercourse with society, I do not, nor ever will, believe; but certainly there is ample evidence to show that he never scrupled very broad equivocation (to say the least) in matters immediately connected with literature. There are many who consider such things allowable. Sir Walter Scott would appear to have been one of them.

Mr. Ballantyne's first question is an embarrassing one, but I cannot avoid answering it seriously, and steadily, as a counsel would, were he appealed to by the opposing lawyer.

* This passage, and those preceding, are precisely as they stood in the original communication to *Notes and Queries*. Since then I have read Lockhart through, as will be evident to the reader in the sequel.

"Sir W. Scott," he writes, "was well known to possess as much honour and integrity as any gentleman in Scotland. Can his assurance to Lord Meadowbank be seriously discredited by W. J. F. (*and this declaration remains on record to confront him*), that he was the sole and undoubted author of the Waverley Novels?"

Why should Sir Walter Scott's assurance to Lord Meadowbank, that he was the real author of the novels, be entitled to greater credence than his reiterated denials, extending over fifteen years, that he had any "hand, act, or part" in their composition? These solemn renunciations of all knowledge of their paternity are distinctly remembered by many at the present day who heard them, and to whom they were made. It is easily seen that Mr. Lockhart, in the discharge of his duty as Scott's "literary executor," wishes to place as few of them on record as possible. Three or four detailed cases, however, appear; but the descriptive circumstances are usually so diluted, that their introduction here can only prove of partial value.

At a dinner given by the Prince Regent, in Carlton House (vol. v. p. 48), his Royal Highness, towards midnight, called for a bumper, with all the honours, to the author of "Waverley," looking significantly at Scott as he charged his own glass. Scott filled also, and said, "Your Royal Highness looks as if you thought I had some claims to the honours of the toast. I have no such pretensions." The company present comprised the Dukes of York and Gordon, Lords Hertford, Fife, and Melville, the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker (then Secretary to the Admiralty), and Lord Chief Commissioner Adam. In the second edition of Lockhart's "Life of Scott," the editor tells us that he has been assured by two gentlemen, who were at the dinner, that the Prince did not, on this occasion, run "so near the wind" as was originally represented in the text. This statement is corroborated by an entry in Moore's Diary, on May 13th, 1829:—"Dined with C[roker]. Party at dinner—Lord Palmerston, Lord Lowther, Sir George Clerk, and Spencer Percival. The conversation agreeable. The King, it appears, did not ask Scott (as I have always understood) whether he was the author of the novels; he only pointedly alluded to some character in them, upon which Scott said, "Sir, it is impossible to mis-

take the meaning, &c., &c., and I beg to say," disclaiming in the most decided manner his being the author. This was going out of his way to deny; had the Prince *asked* him, he *might* have been justified in doing so; but volunteering an untruth in this way is unintelligible; always taking it for granted that the story is true, which it may not be. C[roker], however, said he was by when it happened."

The following curious extract, from Moore's Diary (vol. ii. p. 199), forms a fitting companion to the preceding:—

"Talked (with Rogers) of the Scotch novels. When Wilkie was taking his portraits of Scott's family, the eldest daughter said to him, 'We don't know what to think of these novels. We have access to all papa's papers. He has no particular study; writes everything in the midst of us all, and yet we never have seen a single scrap of the manuscript of any of these novels;* but still we have one reason for thinking them his, and that is, that they are the only works published in Scotland of which copies are not presented to papa.' The reason *against* is stronger than the reason *for*. Scott gave his honour to the Prince Regent they were not his; and Rogers *heard* him do the same to Sheridan, who asked him, with some degree of brusquerie, whether he was the author of them. All this rather confirms me in my first idea, *that they are not Scott's*. Another argument between us, on the justifiableness of a man asserting so solemnly that a book was *not his*, when it really *was*. I maintained that no man had a right to put himself into a situation which required lies to support him in it. R. quoted Paley about the expediency of occasionally lying, and mentioned extreme cases of murder, &c., which had nothing whatever to do with the point in question, and which certainly did not convince me that Scott could be at all justified in such a solemn falsehood. At last Rogers acknowledged that saying '*on his honour*' was going too far, as if the simple, solemn assertion was not equally sacred."

But to return to Lockhart. The following examples of "literary denial" are possibly diluted to a proportionate

* Contrasted with Miss Sophia Scott's declaration the following extract from the General Preface sounds oddly:—"The truth is, that I never expected or hoped to disguise my connexion with these novels from any one who lived on terms of intimacy with me." And again, "Those who were in habitual intercourse with the real author had little hesitation in assigning the literary property to him."

extent as that already cited. In a letter to John Murray, dated December 18th, 1816, in answer to one from that eminent publisher panegyrising "The Tales of my Landlord," Scott writes:—"My dear Sir,—I give you heartily joy of the success of the 'Tales,' although I do not claim that paternal interest in them which my friends do me the credit to assign me. I assure you I have never read a volume of them until they were printed, and can only join with the rest of the world in applauding the true and striking portraits which they present of old Scottish manners . . . I have a mode of convincing you that I am perfectly serious in my denial—pretty similar to that by which Solomon distinguished the real mother—and that is by reviewing the work, which I take to be an operation equal to that of quartering the child."

On 18th January, 1819, Scott, writing to Mr. Richardson, goes on to say, after informing him of an attempt made by the wife of one of the Edinburgh judges to ascertain the author of the Waverley Novels:—"I gave in dilatory defences, under protestation, to add and eik; for I trust, in learning a new slang, you have not forgot the old. In plain words, I denied the charge, and as she insisted to know who else could write these novels, I suggested Adam Ferguson, as a person having all the information and capacity necessary for that purpose."

Six years after, during Sir Walter Scott's visit to Dublin, as appears from the Irish journals of the day, and from Lockhart's Life, vol. viii. p. 23, he assured the College librarian, who began to talk about "Redgauntlet," that he had not even seen the book. Well might "the Memoir of Sir Walter Scott," in the *New Monthly Magazine*, declare that he "positively rejects the merit of having written those interesting stories."

In Scott's Diary (p. 606), he speaks of putting a couplet of Fielding's into the mouth of a previously existing person. "Then Fielding's lines were not written. What then? It is an anachronism for some sly rogue to detect. Besides, *it is easy to swear they were written*, and that Fielding adopted them from tradition."

It is evident that Sir Walter Scott considered fibs and tricks in literature as perfectly venial. A few of his deliberate denials of the authorship, I have already transcribed. It is only comparatively lately that the extracts purporting to be

from old English plays and ballads were found to be, as Lockhart terms them, "fabrications." Trivial as these were, we must remember that it is the very same disagreeable mystery, practised on a larger scale, which hangs over the fame of Chatterton. For reviewing his own "Tales of My Landlord," in the *Quarterly*, Jan. (1817), he has been severely censured. Taking advantage of this tempting opportunity, he devoted a large portion of the article to an elaborate defence of his own picture of the Covenanters, which Dr. Macrie had trenchantly attacked, through the medium of the *Edinburgh Christian Instructor*. Speaking of this attack in a letter to Lady Louisa Stewart, sister of the late Primate of all Ireland and an influential person in her way, Scott writes:—"I have not read it, and certainly never shall. . . . . I make it a rule never to read attacks made on me."

This letter is dated January 31, 1817. In the number of the *Quarterly*, published on January 1, 1817, appears Scott's Reviewal of his own "Tales of my Landlord,"—the greater part of which Reviewal is occupied with a clever confutation of Dr. Macrie's still cleverer attack. It was the zeal with which Scott entered into the matter which at first aroused suspicion as to the author, and this the *Morning Chronicle* of the day did not hesitate to express. Mr. Lockhart, when he gave this celebrated Review a place in "Scott's Miscellaneous Prose Works," would seem to have forgotten the Historical Introduction of 1829. "The plan of this edition," writes Scott, "leads me to insert here some accounts of the incidents on which the novel of 'Waverley' is founded. They have been already given to the public by my friend William Erskine, afterwards Lord Kinneder, when reviewing the 'Tales of my Landlord,' in the *Quarterly Review*, in 1817!" Mr. Lockhart, in the "Life of Scott," gives it as his opinion that a portion of the critique was written by Erskine. Certes, all the original MS. of the Reviewal was in Scott's autograph. Erskine died in August, 1822. (*See Appendix.*)

A writer in *Notes and Queries* has said that if my opinion turned out to be correct, Sir Walter Scott would stand guilty of the grave offence of having "imposed upon the public confidence."

It appears to me that he almost always enjoyed the idea of imposing upon the public—of drawing suspicion from

himself on others—which he did with such tact as to earn the name of a consummately ingenious actor. Certainly, the characteristic referred to is no novelty in Scott's case.

But even in the most trifling minutiæ, he always would appear to have rather relished the notion of hoodwinking what Mr. Lockhart calls "the mob of dulness." Hogg published a voluume of "Jacobite Relics." The *Edinburgh Review* took a warm fancy to one fine old Jacobite strain, "which Hogg," writes Mr. Lockhart, p. 391, "had *fabricated* the year before. Scott, too, *enjoyed this joke*, almost as much as the Shepherd." In getting rid of some lumber by auction, including "a set of most wretched daubs of landscapes" received at various times from a friend, which, if declined, would seriously offend the giver, Sir Walter writes (Diary, p. 610), "It would be *a good joke* enough to cause it to be circulated, that they were performances of my own in early youth." This anecdote is very trifling, and only deserving of notice as shewing the tendency to regard as a good joke, any species of deception, however trivial, upon the public.

Mr. Lockhart, p. 466, describes a series of "Private Letters" which Scott wrote, "giving a picture of manners in the reign of James I.," and pretending that they had been "discovered in the repository of an old English family." The printing of this ingenious piece of imposition had been more than half accomplished, when, at the request of Erskine and Ballantyne, it was suddenly discontinued. "You were all quite right," said Scott; "if the letters had passed for genuine, they would have found favour only with a few musty antiquarians." If such tricks were permitted, how could historians refer with safety or confidence to those collections of old Letters and Diaries, which form some of their most valuable materials?

Within the last few days, the Rev. Alexander Dyce's Recollections of Rogers's Table-Talk has been published. I find at p. 193, a detailed account of one of those deliberate denials on the part of Scott, which Moore has alluded to in his Diary. After dining with Rogers, Scott accompanied him to a party given by Lady Jersey. Sheridan was among the guests. He asked Scott if he had written "Waverley." Scott replied, "On *my* honour, I did not." Rogers of course condemned this reply.

I will beg to ask Mr. Ballantyne one question. Which

would he sooner credit—the solemn assurance of a gentleman who volunteers "*upon his honour*"—or an assurance without that strengthening phrase?*

But independent of all this, I hold it, that on the principle adopted in Courts of Justice, a man's own personal assertion (in a case where the legitimacy of a position influenced by said assertion is being tested and inquired into) should never be received with implicit confidence. The personal evidence of a directly interested party rarely carries weight in a Court of Law; and the present inquiry should, to a certain extent, be guided by similar principles. The late Hugh Boyd, an able political writer of the last century, and as far as I know, a man of rectitude and truth,† confessed to M. Bonnecarrere, French Minister Plenipotentiary, his immediate connexion with the authorship of Junius, which had been repeatedly before, and occasionally since, ascribed on internal evidence to Boyd. The confession was regarded as confidential, and M. Bonnecarrere, did not avow the fact until circumstances demanded it, two and thirty years subsequent to Boyd's death. He did so through the medium of a long and interesting letter to the editor of the *Moniteur*,‡ in August, 1816. This letter has been known to all who made the authorship of Junius an object of inquiry; but Boyd's declaration to M. Bonnecarrere, with tears in his eyes, ac-

* Sir Walter Scott, in reply to General Gourgaud (Sep. 14, 1827), who threw doubts on the authenticity of a document introduced in Napoleon's Life, "because it rested only on a verbal communication, made before responsible witnesses," writes:—"I have been accustomed to consider a gentleman's word as equally worthy of credit with his handwriting." Further on, Sir Walter speaks of his inability to suppose a gentleman capable of departing from truth in a statement made upon his "Word of Honour."

† A very complimentary Memoir of Hugh Boyd appears in the *Biographee Universelle* (vol. v., p. 420.) An edition of Boyd's acknowledged political writings was brought out in two volumes in 1800. The conviction that Boyd was Junius continued steady and unwavering in Chalmers' mind until his death. In 1800, appeared "Documents for the opinion that Hugh M'Aulay Boyd wrote Junius's Letters, by George Chalmers, F.R.S., S.A." In 1817, he published "Junius ascertained, from a Concatenation of Circumstances amounting to moral Demonstration;" and two years later (1819), appeared a new edition with a postscript, "evincing that Boyd wrote Junius, and not Francis." An edition of "Junius's Letters" was published in 1806, edited by Mr. Almon, wherein he adduced strong presumptive evidence in support of Mr. Campbell's previously expressed conviction, that Boyd was Junius.

‡ This letter has been lately revived in *Notes and Queries*, by the writer of these pages. The editor, in introducing it to his readers, mentioned, that although known to all who made the Junius question their study, he was not aware of its existence in any permanent form, and for that reason he felt inclined to preserve it.

companied by the actual exhibition of some of the original Junius MSS., did not prevent the literary investigators of the subject from examining the evidence in favour of Burke's, Francis's, and Lord Sackville's presumed share in their production.*

It has been said that when Scott's literary mask partially slipped from his countenance, and everybody recognized in him the author of "Waverley," George IV., recollecting his solemn assurances to him (for the truth of which he staked his honour), manifested diminished instead of increased attention towards him. So accomplished a gentleman as George IV. could never have been guilty of absolute rudeness; but it is a positive fact, that throughout his intercourse with Scott, on the occasion of the royal visit to Scotland, his cold courtesy was observed to contrast unpleasantly with that warm familiarity which those who discovered the change had themselves been witnesses of previously.

We have already seen Moore's recorded opinion in 1818, that Scott was not the author of the "Scotch Novels." This belief very generally prevailed. In 1820 the Prince was crowned King, and Scott was created a Baronet. As a staunch Ministerialist, and consistent Tory, he was fairly entitled to the dignity. The *Spectator*, in reviewing Lockhart's "Life," declared that "Scott was one of the most violent among the Edinburgh Tories." No one then imagined that to "Waverley" or "Guy Mannering" he owed this elevation.†

Until 1822, Scott, as "the Great Unknown," continued to exercise his mysterious sway. In the leading reviews of "Kenilworth" (March, 1821), no venture at speculation as to the real author was hazarded. The reviews of the "Pirate" (January, 1822), unreservedly spoke of Scott as

* The testimony of Sir John Macpherson, Bart., of Brompton Grove (once Governor-General of India), who spoke from personal knowledge, went far in strengthening the claims made by Mr. Boyd's friends. Vide *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. lxxxiv., p. 224. This occurred two years previous to Mr. Bonnecarrere's letter.

† A short anecdote will illustrate the thorough conservatism of Scott's principles. Leigh Hunt took a dislike to Scott, as he assures us (Autobiography, chap. xii.), in consequence of a solitary passage in his edition of Dryden—"A more dastardly or deliberate piece of wickedness," writes Hunt, "than allowing a ship, with its crew, to go to sea, knowing the vessel to be leaky, believing it likely to founder, on purpose to destroy one of the passengers, it is not easy to conceive; yet, because this was done by a Tory King, the relater could find no severer term for it than "*ungenerous*."

the author;* and continued successively to do so until the last of the series had appeared. In August, 1822, King George IV. made his celebrated visit to Scotland.

Here, to substantiate my assertion relative to the sovereign's unusual reserve towards Scott, on the occasion of the royal visit to Edinburgh, I ought, perhaps, to subjoin a leading article of the *Times* newspaper, which must be considered of some weight as an authority. Its tone will be observed to jar inharmoniously with that pervading Mr. Lockhart's description of the same scenes:—

"It is somewhat ludicrous to observe the pains with which the Edinburgh Government scribes endeavour to press Sir Walter Scott into the first rank of the personages who occupied the proscenium during the arrangements for his Majesty's reception in Scotland. 'From first to last,' they say, 'Sir Walter received from the King the most condescending marks of attention.' It is a pity that the author of 'Waverley' should deem it important to figure in every part of a corporation pageant, and should suffer his friends, if such they are, to force upon him a feeling of vulgar vanity, which may be their's for excellent reasons, but which never can, or, at least, never ought to be his. Why is not Sir Walter Scott contented with having received a gentleman's reception from the King? Why does he suffer it to be insinuated that he was a cordial guest at Dalkeith House, as well as being a welcome visitor to the Lord Provost? He dined at Dalkeith House but once—the more favoured guests were daily there†—it was, (or, at least, it ought to be,) enough for Sir Walter to have had his turn in the round of hospitable civilities

* The *Examiner*, in noticing the "Pirate," says:—"Sir Walter Scott—for we presume it will now be considered affected to say "the Great Unknown," &c. In reviewing "Kenilworth" (March previously), the critic did not venture to speculate as to the authorship.

† Mr. Lockhart (vol. vii. p. 62) writes, in strange contradiction:—"The King took up his residence at Dalkeith Palace, a noble seat of the Buccleuch family; and here his dinner party almost daily included Sir Walter Scott;" and in the same breath Lockhart speaks of "all the flattering *condescension lavished* by his Majesty on him." Referring to this period, Mr. Lockhart, seven years previously (vol. v. p. 50), intimates indirectly, that a similar scene to that described by Moore (*ante*, p. 28), took place at Dalkeith. "I am inclined to believe," he writes, "that a scene at Dalkeith, in 1822, may have been unconsciously blended with Carlton House—1815." The two entries of Moore's Diary, however, on this subject, upset Mr. Lockhart's assumption. Mr. Lockhart's allusion (*temp.* 1815) to "a scene at Dalkeith in 1822," furnishes a still stronger clue to the causes of that "reserve," which the *Times* notices so sharply. Mr. Lockhart makes no allusion to this mysterious "*scene*" at Dalkeith, when describing the Sovereign's visit to Scotland, and the "flattering condescension which he lavished" on Sir Walter.

arranged by the King for his most distinguished Scottish subjects. Nobody has said that Sir Walter, "from first to last," incurred the displeasure of the King; all that has been said is, that his court recognition had nothing to distinguish it from the formalities observed towards others, and that he was not of the King's private circle at Dalkeith. Everybody knew that, 'from first to last,' Sir Walter permitted himself to be put forward as director of the most trivial matters connected with the arrangements of the Edinburgh pageants. That while meddling in all the details of matters for which his habits and pursuits so ill fitted him, he should, like other men who moved from their own proper sphere, have committed odd acts, was only what might have been expected; but his friends should not have forced these eccentric aberrations into light: for instance, was it fair for them to have told how he broke the glass out of which the King drank to him as he descended from the royal yacht to his boat, and then bewailed the loss as if it were that of the antique spur which he had preserved for the head of the Dalhousie family? The anecdote was simply this, Sir Walter, with very bad taste, went on board the royal yacht uninvited, on the evening of the King's arrival in Leith roads, in stormy and wet weather, and selected the moment his Majesty was receiving the news of Lord Londonderry's death* (for whom, by the way, Sir Walter always professed such a respect, as to make his dress and manner at the coronation the theme of a laboured adulatory article in an *Edinburgh* paper), as the proper opportunity for presenting the King with the Ladies' Silver Cross. The King, who had just descended from the deck, was prevailed upon by some of the attendants to guard against the dangers of hazy weather, by tasting a glass of brandy; the cordial was just poured out, his Majesty put it to his lips, and then presented the glass to Sir Walter, who, as in duty bound, finished the royal bumper, but not with the *gout* of a Highlander: he was determined, however, to preserve the glass either as a memento of the exploit, or as a royal trophy, and he placed it in his pocket for the purpose; but Neptune, who has committed many a treasure to the waves, de-

* Lord Castlereagh, English Minister for Foreign Affairs, had just committed suicide. The following flaming account of the interview between his Majesty and Scott appears in Mr. Lockhart's work, p. 482. When his arrival along side the yacht was announced to the King—"'What,' exclaimed his Majesty, 'Sir Walter Scott! the man in Scotland I most wish to see! let him come up.' The distinguished baronet then ascended the ship, and was presented to the King on the quarter deck, where, after an appropriate speech in name of the ladies of Edinburgh, he presented his Majesty with a St. Andrew's Cross in silver, which his fair subjects had provided for him. The King, with evident marks of satisfaction, made a gracious reply to Sir Walter, received the gift in the most kind and condescending manner, and promised to wear it in public, in token of acknowledgment to the fair donors."

feated the baronet's intention, and the glass was broken in his pocket, to his great mortification, according to the idle tattle of his friends. So much for the baronet's 'first' visit to the King. Then for his 'last,' which was at the Lord Provost's banquet.* Sir Walter was there placed at the head of the centre table, and immediately facing the King. It was, of all others, the place best adapted for any person who wished to attract his Majesty's notice, and the manner of Sir Walter during the dinner was such, as to manifest no disinclination to be the object of that distinction; but how vain are human speculations! The King drank repeatedly to the personages around him at the head table, but Sir Walter did not immediately catch the royal eye; he had, however, an expedient left, and he lost no time in trying it—it was a bottle containing some soul-melting beverage, which he uncorked and sent to the King. His Majesty then filled a glass to the baronet, who rose, and made two suitable obeisances in acknowledging the honour, and thus he took leave of his sovereign."†

As a set off to the Thunder of the *Times*, it is proper to add, that Mr. Croker was assured by the King on his return to London, that no "coolness had existed between himself and Scott." This statement appears in Lockhart.‡ Without any actual "coolness," however, it is quite possible that his Majesty, on discovering Scott to have pledged his honour to him on an untruth, felt his respect for him weakened, and his tendency to gracious familiarity checked. That this reserve continued beyond the first blush of the detection, I do not believe. Four years after Scott was entertained by the King at Windsor. He first made his acquaintance in 1815: so friendly was their intercourse at this period, that the Regent invariably addressed him as "Walter."

* Mr. Lockhart, in describing this entertainment, rather extravagantly tortured one of the King's toasts into a compliment to Sir Walter Scott. "The most striking homage," he writes (though apparently an unconscious one), that his genius received during this festive period, was when his Majesty, after proposing the health of his hosts, the Magistrates and Corporation of the northern capital, rose and said, 'There was one toast more, and but one, in which he must request the assembly to join him. I shall simply give you,' said he, 'the Chieftains and Clans of Scotland, and Prosperity to the land of cakes.'" This speech was only of a piece with the King's blarney in 1821 to the Irish people, when he told them, pointing to a bunch of shamrocks in his button hole, that he would drink their healths, and the health of St. Patrick, in a tumbler of Irish poteen punch.

† Further uncomplimentary allusions to Scott succeed this passage. Sufficient has been given to sustain my statement.

‡ Moore adds, in his Diary of August 19, 1824, a conversation with a man of very few words, the Rev. George Crabbe. Crabbe was on a visit with Scott, when the King was in Edinburgh, and he told Moore two years after, that the smash of the wine glass "seemed to be a prognostic of the disfavour which Scott fell into with his Majesty." Such discrepancies are certainly curious.

I have said that such skilful revision may Scott have bestowed on Mr. and Mrs. T. Scott's writings, as to consider their success owing to himself, and that he might safely class them among his other works. There is evidence to prove that, under certain circumstances, he did not scruple to place his name on the title page of works, not altogether written by himself. The following book would still seem to be viewed as the sole offspring of Sir Walter Scott. In "the London Catalogue of Books, 1816 to 1851," I find the second item in the list of Scott's works is "Border Antiquities, 2 vols., 4to. £9, large paper, £13 13s.—*Longman.*" How few appreciate, or even are aware of Mr. Mudford's labours when reading this valuable work. Is it unreasonable to suppose possible that some co-operative labour may be secretly sunk in the Waverley Novels as well?

From the "Literary Gazette" of November 7, 1818.

"CURIOUS LITERARY CASE.

"*To the Editor of the 'Literary Gazette.'*

"SIR,—If you agree with me in thinking that the following statement deserves to be made public, you will probably allow it a place in the pages of your really excellent publication. I am aware there are few things about which the world in general are less interested than the squabbles of authors; but as I intend to make no angry accusation, and am conscious that my assertions will be irrefragable, I may indulge the hope that this letter will not come under the above description.

"You and many of your readers have, perhaps, seen advertised a work by Walter Scott, entitled the 'Border Antiquities of England and Scotland, in 2 vols. 4to.' With what justice, however, that gentleman assumes to himself the entire authorship of the work in question, you will be able to judge, when I tell you that *very nearly half of it was written by myself.* It is not necessary that I should retail the circumstances which induced me to relinquish proceeding with it, after having completed the first vol. It is 'enough' for my purpose that I *did* relinquish it; that Mr. Walter Scott afterwards completed it, and that, upon its publication in an entire form (for it came out originally in quarterly parts), he has placed his name in the title-page as the writer of the whole, without any intimation to the contrary in any part of the introductory matter, which, for aught I know to the contrary, is entirely his. Most persons, I apprehend, will consider this proceeding as not quite reconcileable with candour.

"I have been partly prompted to advance this claim, for the sake of mentioning two amusing facts, as connected with the sagacity of periodical critics. During the time that the work was publishing in detached portions, it was reviewed in one of our most respectable monthly journals, and the reviewer, misled, no doubt, by the nature of the subject, confidently affirmed, from the *internal evidence of the style*, that it was from the pen of Walter Scott, and when, by an odd coincidence, it afterwards came forth with the name of that gentleman in the title-page, I assure you the said reviewer reminded his readers, with no little exultation, of the accuracy of his previous judgment. I need hardly add, that at the time it was thus gratuitously assigned to the pen of Walter Scott, he had not written a line of it.

"Similarly unfortunate has been a more recent critic, who, in reviewing the work as Walter Scott's, has perversely, however, selected most of his examples from that portion of it which was written by myself, and which are cited as felicitous specimens of Mr. Scott's style.

"Now, Mr. Editor, ought I to be angry or pleased at these blunders? they who admire Mr. Scott's prose as much as they do his poetry, will decide for the latter; but for myself, it is really so weighty a point, that, without your assistance, I am afraid I cannot make up my mind upon it.*....

"Your obedient Servant,

"Wm. Mudford."†

An old statement of Sir W. Scott has just been revived in *Notes and Queries* by Mr. Shilletto, to the effect that "he was the sole and unaided author" (p. xii of General Preface), and "sole and unassisted author" (p. xxviii of the Novels). These long forgotten assurances have been exhumed for the purpose of shaking my well grounded opinion that Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott gave assistance to the Waverley Novels.

To say he was "the sole and *unassisted* author" appears

* The letter concludes with an expression which I willingly omit.

† Mr. Mudford was the editor of the *Courier*, a journal which existed for upwards of three-quarters of a century. He was author of "Campaign of the Netherlands" (a 4 guinea book); "An Examination of the Writings of Cumberland" (2 vols.); "The Contemplatist;" and four novels now forgotten.

Mr. Mudford was not opposed in politics to Scott. They were brother ministerialists. This is evidenced from the following passage in the *Examiner* of January 7, 1821: "Bravo, William Mudford, daily panegyrist of George IV. Bravo thou eulogist of Castlereagh, and Sidmouth, and Eldon, of George Canning, and John Wilson Croker; and bitter libeller of Fitzwilliam, and Grey, and Lambton, and Bennett, and Burdett."

to me as simply ridiculous: inasmuch as Sir Adam Ferguson, William Erskine,* Mr. Joseph Train,† and others, were known to have given Sir Walter valuable assistance at various times. But to enumerate all those who aided Scott in his novels, from Lord Haddington‡ to that able critic, James Ballantyne,§ would be tedious.

Mr. Ballantyne's second point‖ is, that Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott were not, as far as he knows, ever skilled in literary composition.

On the very opposite page of *Notes and Queries*, I published, for the information of the public, my answer to the gentleman who requested to know my grounds for stating that Thomas was endowed "with literary taste and talent." Sir Walter's letter to his brother, in 1814, begging the Paymaster to write an experimental novel, and send it to him for revision, proves them. The great novelist has repeatedly borne evidence to the literary talent of Thomas Scott. In

* William Erskine is thus noticed in the Index to the edition of 1845, "Scott's Literary Referee, pp. 118, 127, 225, 255, 301, 306, 338, 427, 463, 589"

† Mr. Joseph Train is thus noticed in the Index: "His usefulness to Scott in collecting traditions, anecdotes, and curiosities—pp. 303, 304, 339, 343." It was Train who induced Scott to write "Old Mortality," and "Rob Roy." Nay more, Mr. Lockhart says, p. 340: "To his intercourse with Mr. Train we owe the whole machinery of the 'Tales of my Landlord.'"

‡ "Many ludicrous delineations he (Scott) owed to the late Lord Haddington, a man of rare pleasantry, and one of the best tellers of old Scotch stories I ever heard."—*Lockhart*, p. 402.

§ Constable proved also a very judicious critic, and so many and so able were the suggestions which Scott acted upon, that the publisher, as his partner Cadell, assured Lockhart, p. 438, used sometimes stalk up and down the room, exclaiming "By G—— I am all but the author of the Waverley Novels!" "His letter," says Lockhart, "(now before me), proposing the subject of 'The Armada,' furnished the novelist with such a catalogue of materials for the illustration of the period, as may, probably enough, have called forth some very energetic expression of thankfulness."

‖ A gentleman, who at first rather co-operated with Mr. Ballantyne in the original controversy in *Notes and Queries*, addressed a letter to me within the last few days, of which the following is an extract:—"This question continues to interest me deeply, and many other persons also. I must confess I cannot bring myself to any conclusive point upon it. The evidence you brought appeared so strangely conclusive that I considered the world stood upon the brink of a discovery which should proclaim another and less doubted author of the Waverley novels. Sir Walter had been, and still is, a great favourite of mine, and I solaced myself with the precise and decided terms of the avowal he made at the Edinbro' dinner, and trusted to be fortified in due time with the evidence *promised* by Mr. Ballantyne, as should render any further persistence on your part unavailable. I need not say how woful was my disappointment. The impression produced on my mind was this—that he had not only nothing to say in support of Sir Walter, but that he had something to conceal."

1809, as may be remembered, he requested him to furnish literary papers to the *Quarterly Review*.* "R. E. B.," of Trinity College, Dublin, who knew the Scotts, as he tells us, intimately (see R. E. B.'s letter, p. 23), avers that Thomas always seemed to him to have a much more brilliant intellect than Walter, but that a natural indolence prevented him from following that regular literary life, in which otherwise he could not fail to have been distinguished. He, however, was always fond of "dabbling" with his pen, though seldom deeply; and like most persons of literary propensities, made but an indifferent man of business. Mr. Lockhart (chap. xiv.), speaking of Thomas Scott's connexion with the "Signet" establishment, writes:—"It ought to be mentioned that the business in George's-square, once extensive and lucrative, had dwindled away in the hands of his brother Thomas, whose varied and powerful talents were, unfortunately, combined with some tastes by no means favourable to the successful prosecution of his prudent father's vocation."

"R. E. B." goes on to say, that Mrs. Thomas Scott, *née* Elizabeth M'Culloch, had a remarkable taste for writing, but as she was sensitive on this point, her friends had the delicacy rarely to allude to it. She was stored, he tells us, with old Scotch traditions and anecdotes. Strangely enough, on the same page appears a remarkable letter from Mr. Edgar M'Culloch, of Guernsey, a cousin of the late Mrs. Thomas Scott. "It was generally thought in her family," he writes, "that she had supplied many of the anecdotes and traits of character which Sir Walter Scott worked up in the Scotch novels. Much of the scenery described in 'Guy Mannering' appears to have been sketched from localities in the immediate vicinity of Mrs. Scott's birthplace, a remarkable cavern, the Cove of Kirklaugh, for example, being pointed out to tourists as Dirk Hatteraick's cave. It is asserted that Scott never was in that part of the country. If this be the case, the minute description of places answering so closely to real localities is, to say the least, a very remarkable coincidence, and warrants the supposition that in this point Sir Walter may have been indebted to the assistance of some one well acquainted

* In 1810 we find him actively engaged in collecting materials for a History of the Isle of Man.

with the scenes so vividly depicted. Many of the features in the character of the miser Morton, of Milnwood, in 'Old Mortality,' are traditionally ascribed to a Mr. M'Culloch, of Barholm, who lived about the time of the civil wars described in that novel."

Among the letters, friendly and abusive, which reached me immediately subsequent to the starting of the subject in *Notes and Queries*, was one from a barrister personally unknown to me, who stated that Dr. G——, of Elm-grove, near Dublin, one of the last surviving members of Thomas Scott's brother officers, was still living. I accordingly put myself in communication with the Doctor, and received from him the following interesting scraps of information:—

He was surgeon to the 70th Regiment from 1812 to 1828. Soon after joining the regiment it was ordered to Canada, where for many years after it remained stationed. Thomas Scott was one of the most agreeable companions he ever knew. Dr. G—— loved him dearly, and so did all who were fortunate enough to possess his friendship. He bitterly deplored his death. It caused a general gloom. Although thirty-three years dead, he remembers his wit, anecdote, and extensive information, as vividly as the events of yesterday. Few had a more keen perception of the ludicrous in character than Tom Scott. Dr. G—— often heard him say, in allusion to some eccentric friend, "What a capital character that fellow would make!"

The Scotts were very literary people, and their society was much courted by persons of congenial tastes. They read every new publication that appeared. He knew Mrs. Scott intimately, and always called her "Bessie." She was a remarkably clever woman; and he and the other officers loved to hear her pour forth that fund of Scottish anecdote and reminiscence to which she occasionally gave full rein. He always knew that she had a taste and a talent for writing; but never heard her say that she contributed to the "Waverley novels."

Mr. and Mrs. Scott were in constant communication with "the Great Unknown." Dr. G—— was an eye-witness to it. He has even seen large packages interchanging. I suggested that perhaps it may have been manuscript. Dr. G—— replied, "possibly." He added that the "Scotch novels," almost wet from the press, regularly arrived, and

that both these and the other packages always came *viâ* New York.

Dr. G—— was fond of reading, and generally got a loan of the novels from Bessie Scott. When Walter Scott was "the Great Unknown," and every *quid nunc* was puzzling his brains to detect the author, both he and every other officer of the 70th were perfectly well aware of Sir Walter's connexion with the Scotch novels. Tom Scott never maintained much reserve about them, and what is more remarkable, he would allude to compositions *in petto*, saying, "He is on the second volume of so and so—now; you will see so and so next month."

Sir Walter Scott loved his sister-in-law, Bessie Scott, warmly. A true friendship existed between them; they regularly corresponded. After Tom Scott's death, he procured for her from the Archbishop of Canterbury* a nice residence, rent free, where she lived and died.† Her circumstances were comfortable, though hardly affluent.

Tom Scott died on Valentine's day, 1823. He was buried in Quebec. The officers bore his coffin to the tomb. All the soldiery followed; many a tear was brushed away in the course of the procession. Scott was, Dr. G—— says, greatly respected and beloved.

After my first interview with Dr. G——, I procured an old Army List, and no sooner discovered the 70th Regiment in its pages, than I at once became struck with some very remarkable coincidences. I perceived that the name of almost every officer in the regiment was introduced, sometimes identically, sometimes slightly altered, in the Waverley novels. What is still more coincident, the real names are generally given to imaginary *military characters*. Those who are in the habit of writing fictitious narrative well know how naturally it comes to the author to pause occasionally, and select from real life names and character for the literary crucible. Of course, some modification of shape must, in the composition, take place. Some of the following ingredients, it will be observed, remained undiluted and intact.

* The house was situated in the city of Canterbury.

† They continued in constant communication, and intercourse, and Lord Dalhousie, and others, who were cognizant of the geniality of disposition and solidity of friendship which existed between Sir Walter and his sister-in-law, invited them together on visits to their houses.

ARMY LIST.

Officers of the 70th Regiment quartered in Canada, from 1813 to 1827.

(Some of the following had died or retired within this period.)

Colonel Kenneth Lord Howard of Effingham, G.C.B.,	Sir Kenneth (Knight), "Talisman." Howard, "Anne of Geierstein." Lord Effingham, father of Leicester's second wife, "Kenilworth."
Colonel Champagne,	Champagne (Crusader), "Talisman."
Colonel Sir Galbraith Lowry Cole, G.C.B.*	Major Galbraith, "Rob Roy." Lowrie, "St. Ronan's Well." Major Coleby, "Peveril of the Peak." Captain Colepepper, "Fortunes of Nigel."
Lieut.-Colonel Louis Grant,	Louis (a Retainer), "Monastery." Grantmesnil (Knt. Challenger), "Ivanhoe."
Major MacGregor,	The MacGregor, "Rob Roy."
Major Evans,	Master Evans, "Peveril of the Peak." Evandale (in the Royal Army), "Old Mortality."
Captain Allan Cameron,	Serjeant Allan Cameron, under Captain Campbell,† "Highland Widow." Major Allan, "Old Mortality." Long Allan (Guardsman), "Talisman."
Captain de la Hay,	Colonel Hay, "Legend of Montrose." John Hay, of Ellangowan, "Guy Mannering."
Captain O'Neil,	Lieutenant O'Kean, "Guy Mannering."
Captain Kelsall,	Kelsie, "Abbot."
Captain Howard,	Howard (a Royal Retainer), "Anne of Geierstein."
Captain Donald Mackay,	Donald, "Legend of Montrose." Ronald Maceagh, "Legend of Montrose."
Lieutenant T. Hunt,	Huntly, "Legend of Montrose."
Lieutenant Ross Lewin,	Ross (an Officer in the King's Army), "Old Mortality."‡ Levin (Parliamentary Leader), "Legend of Montrose."
Lieutenant R. Armstrong,	Armstrong, "Fortunes of Nigel." Grace Armstrong, "Black Dwarf."
Lieutenant John Graham,	Colonel John Graham (of the Royal Army), "Old Mortality." Cornet Graham, "Old Mortality."
Lieutenant Mahon,	Mahony, "Waverley."
Lieutenant Alston,	Alison, "Kenilworth."
Lieutenant Crawford,	Captain Crawford, "Quentin Durward."
Lieutenant MacLaurin,	Captain MacLouis, "Fair Maid of Perth." Maclean (Highland Chief), "Legend of Montrose."
Lieutenant Landon,	Landais, "Anne of Geierstein."
Lieutenant R. Kirk,	"Kirk's Pets" (a Regiment commanded by T. Kirk) "Old Mortality." John Kirk (Foreman on Effie Dean's Trial), "Heart of Mid-Lothian."

* See Appendix.

† Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell appears one of the commanders of the 70th until 1813. General Campbell figures in "Redgauntlet," and Duncan Campbell in Argyle's army in the "Legend of Montrose."

‡ Major-General Ross was Colonel of the 70th until 1815.

Lieutenant White,	Whitecroft, "Peveril of the Peak."
Lieutenant Stevenson,	Stevens (Retainer of Lord Sussex), "Kenilworth." Count Stephen, "Quentin Durward."
Lieutenant Goldfrap,	Goldthred, "Kenilworth." Goldiebird, "Antiquary."
Lieutenant Smith,	H. Smith (the Armourer), "Fair Maid of Perth."
Lieutenant Dixon,	Dixon, "Black Dwarf."
Lieutenant MacIvor,	MacIvor (Highland Chief), "Waverley."
Lieutenant J. Hunter,	Huntinglen, "Fortunes of Nigel."
Lieutenant Gaston,	Geierstein! "Anne of Geierstein."
Lieutenant Finlay,	Finlayson, "Guy Mannering."
Ensign Dalgetty,	Capt. Dalgetty, "Legend of Montrose."
Ensign Ingall,	Ingalram, "Monastery." Ingelwood, "Rob Roy." Corporal Inglis, "Old Mortality."
Ensign John Pennington,	Jock Penny, "Guy Mannering."
Ensign Martin,	Martin, "Redgauntlet," and "Monastery."
Ensign Mercer,	Major Mercer, "Surgeon's Daughter."
Ensign Maxwell,	Maxwell, "Fortunes of Nigel."
Ensign Brackenbury,	Brackel, "Peveril of the Peak."
Ensign Jonathan Browne,	General Browne, "Tapestried Chamber." John Browne, "Rob Roy." Vanbeest Browne, "Guy Mannering."
Paymaster,	Thomas Scott.
Adjutant J. Sampson,	Dominie Sampson, "Guy Mannering."
Quartermaster Norman,	Norman, "Bride of Lammermoor."
A. Surgeon Swindall,	A. Sydall, "Rob Roy."

Agent—Messrs. Cox, Greenwood, and Hammersley.

Captain Coxe, "Kenilworth." Greenleaf, "Castle Dangerous." Hammerlein, "Quentin Durward."

I showed the foregoing table to Dr. G——. The old man appeared much affected as he read the names of his long deceased comrades. "Since 1828 I completely lost sight of them," said he, "and I heard nothing of them till I read their deaths at intervals in the newspapers since. Most of them died in the West Indies." Every successive name awakened a train of long forgotten associations.

Dalgetty appeared to be a great favourite with the regiment. "We used to call him 'Dal,'" said Dr. G——; "he went by no other name. He was a great humourist, and a good fellow."

No person who ever read the Waverley Novels can forget Captain Dalgetty in the "Legend of Montrose." He stands out bold and bright, when many of the contemporary characters fade. From some questions that I put to Dr. G——, I found that several points of characteristic similarity existed between the real and the fictitious Dalgetty. Among other unimportant questions, I inquired if he kept

a horse. "Yes," replied Dr. G——, "and very fond he was of it. I, as a surgeon, was entitled to a horse, and Tom Scott as Paymaster; but it is somewhat unusual for minor officers, especially an ensign like Dalgetty, to keep one. "'Dal,' however," said Dr. G——, "was an exception.* His father (a sergeant in the King's Guards) kept 'Dal' well supplied with pocket-money."

Dr. G—— again spoke of "Tom Scott." He said, he was a first-rate Latin and classical scholar.† He received an education for the bar, and gave to the languages that study, which Walter was early remarkable for bestowing on ancient tomes of historical, legendary, and diabolical lore.

I asked Dr. G—— where Tom Scott received his education. He replied, "At the Mareschal College, Aberdeen." Captain Dalgetty's favourite allusion in the novel to his early Alma Mater will, doubtless, be in the recollection of the reader.‡

In answer to a question from me, desiring to know what sort of a fellow Sampson, the adjutant, was, Dr. G—— replied: "We used to call him 'Dominie Sampson,' a queer,

* Dalgetty's fatherly affection for his horse will be remembered by most readers of "A Legend of Montrose."

† "His (Sir Walter Scott's) knowledge of Latin does not appear to have ever extended further than enabling him to catch loosely the meaning of his author." Enc. Brit. Article, *Scott*—by William Spaulding, Advocate, Professor of Rhetoric, Edinburgh. There are pedantic characters in the Waverley Novels constantly enunciating Latin sentences, which could hardly have been put together by one, who, in translating, could "only catch loosely the meaning of his author." Captain Dalgetty, King James, in "Fortunes of Nigel," &c. &c., are instances. Apropos of Nigel. In the preface to the first edition, the author speaks of himself as having been in the British army. The principal figure in that novel is George Heriot, a prominent portrait of whom is prefixed to Black's Library Edition. Some mysterious impulse led me to try whether if in the Army List of the day any George Heriot would be found. The alphabetical index referred me to the list of lieutenant-colonels, which numbered nine hundred and ten names. The *only* officer of that name who appeared, commanded the *Canadian* Voltigueurs—Colonel F. George Heriot. Colonel Sir Galbraith Cole was one of the commanders of the 70th Regiment stationed in Canada. Captain *Cole*pepper will be remembered in the "Fortunes of Nigel." Lieutenant Hunt, of the 70th—*Hunt*inglen in "Nigel." Ensign Maxwell, of the 70th—*Maxwell*. Chamberlain at White Hall in "Nigel." Lieutenant Armstrong, of the 70th—*Armstrong*, Court Jester in "Nigel." Trapaud was a previous colonel of the 70th—*Trabois* is the old miser in "Nigel." Mr. Beaujon was one of the few members, in Scott's time, constituting the Legislative Council of Lower Canada. Who can forget M. le Chevalier de Beaujon, keeper of the gambling house in the "Fortunes of Nigel?" Except the Canadian legislator, I never heard of any person named Beaujon. For further coincidences of name apropos to "the Fortunes of Nigel," &c., see the last document but one in the Appendix.

‡ "Truly, my Lord," said the trooper, "my name is Dalgetty. . . . My father having, by unthrifty courses, reduced a fine patrimony to a non-entity,

but honest fellow." "Why did you call him Dominie Sampson?" I asked. "He used to be drilling and lecturing us," replied the Doctor; "and whenever flogging or other punishment was necessary among the men, it was his duty, as adjutant, to oversee it. At mess, should there be any point in dispute among the officers, they always appealed to Sampson for his decision; sometimes in joke—often seriously. 'Well! I leave it to the Dominie,' they would say, and Sampson, thus appealed to, would sonorously enunciate his views."

Since the foregoing reminiscences were supplied by Dr. G——, communication has been opened with a distinguished officer and accomplished gentleman, formerly belonging to the 70th Regiment, but now unattached, and residing at Guernsey. Colonel W——'s evidence is more striking than Dr. G——'s.

"In those days," said Colonel W——, "a regiment was one large family, and officers were really *brother* officers." Colonel W—— used to be constantly in and out of the house, and he scarcely ever entered without finding Mrs. Scott at her desk, with a heap of MSS. before her. What was the destination of these writings he knows not.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Scott abounded in anecdote. Colonel W——'s recollections state, that it was not until after Tom Scott's death at Quebec, and when there no longer existed

I had no better shift, when eighteen years old, than to carry the learning whilk I had acquired at the *Mareschal College of Aberdeen*," &c.—*Legend of Montrose.* "Mareschal" is the name given to one of the characters in the "Black Dwarf."

It appears from Mr. Lockhart's work that the "Bride of Lammermoor," "Ivanhoe," and the "Legend of Montrose" were produced at a time when Sir Walter Scott was suffering such bodily pain that, as he avowed to Mr. Lockhart, six days' longer agony must have killed him. Southey, in a letter to Mr. Bedford, at this period (Life of Robert Southey, vol. iv., p. 341), describes "Scott as on the very brink of the grave." If Sir Walter really accomplished those splendid works under circumstances so eminently awful, without the aid of some active co-operating intellect, the achievement deserves to be viewed with feelings of respect and admiration; but unless human nature has changed in my time, I cannot repose full confidence in the statement. Mr. Lockhart says that Scott was utterly unable to correct even the proof sheets of those splendid works. The richly humorous character of Dalgetty set all wondering who knew the state of mental depression and bodily agony which Scott laboured under at the time when the "Legend of Montrose" was believed to have been in composition. Mr. Lockhart, speaking of this comical character, says that it was worked out in all the details as if it had formed the luxurious entertainment of a chair as easy as was ever shaken by Rabelais. I remember having been told some years since by a gentleman who saw the original MSS. of the "Legend of Montrose," that but scanty portions of it appeared to be in Scott's autograph. My informant added that Scott's liberal revision was clearly traceable throughout.

any doubt in the literary world concerning the supposed author of the Waverley novels, that he had any suspicion of Tom Scott and his wife having had any hand in them. He and some other officers then called to mind his having said one evening, after having drank pretty freely, addressing some of them, "Ah, you'll be astonished to find yourselves some day or other in print." Thomas Scott was a *bon vivant.* Dalgetty was a gay, lively fellow, but rather an indifferent soldier. Among the many communications from Walter Scott, which were continually arriving, were remittances of money, though not to a large amount. Colonel W——'s impression is, that neither Thomas Scott nor his wife wrote any of the novels; but that they assisted their brother considerably in supplying anecdotes, traits of character, &c. &c.

In the latter end of 1821, appeared a volume entitled "Letters to Richard Heber, Esq., containing Critical Remarks on the Series of Novels beginning with Waverley, and an Attempt to ascertain the Author."

"At this time," writes Mr. Lockhart, "the opinion that Scott was the author of Waverley had indeed become well settled in the English, to say nothing of the Scottish mind." Mr. John Leycester Adolphus, however, an alumnus of Oxford, and an ardent admirer of Scott, resolved to strengthen this opinion by an accumulation of minute coincidences of style, idea, and taste between Sir Walter's poetical and prose performances. "Unimportant, indeed, they are," wrote Mr. Adolphus, "if looked upon as subjects of direct criticism; but considered with reference to our present purpose, they resemble those light substances which, floating on the trackless sea, discover the true setting of some mighty current." Mr. Adolphus, dwelt at considerable length on the love for dogs, which the author of Marmion and Waverley displayed so prominently,—the eloquent touch with which the pure and tender relation of father and daughter were laid before the reader by "both these writers." The correctness in morals, and refinement in manners, which characterized the poems and novels. The equally extensive sprinkle of quaint similes and metaphors—the dramatic and picturesque fancy in the author—neat colloquial turns in the novel and poetic dialogue—the introduction of Scottish words and idioms, with various other coincidences of greater or lesser importance. Contrary to general expectation, Sir Walter did not wax angry at this direct and searching

charge at his literary identity, but on the contrary sent Mr. Adolphus, who was previously unknown to him, an invitation to pass some time at Abbotsford.

Mr. Lockhart fills twenty-two pages of his biography with extracts from this ingenious little work, and wishes he had space for more. Amongst them one is particularly deserving of notice, and appears founded on considerably less striking grounds of coincidence than the other numerous and ingenious points. Mr. Adolphus noticed that the author of "Waverley" dealt out the peculiar terms and phrases of the science of law with a freedom and confidence beyond the reach of any uninitiated person, and he proved incontestably that the subject of law—a stumblingblock to other novelists—was to Scott a spot of repose. Mr. Adolphus argued that he must have been a lawyer; and he was right.

But Mr. Adolphus, at a further stage of the inquiry, noticed the taste for martial subjects, and the acquaintance with military tactics, which distinguished the author of the "Waverley Novels."

"In every warlike scene that awes and agitates, or dazzles and inspires," observed Mr. Adolphus, "the poet triumphs; but where any effect is to be produced by dwelling on the magnitude of military habits and discipline, or exhibiting the blended hues of individual humour, and professional peculiarity, as they present themselves in the mess-room, or the guard-room, every advantage is on the side of the novelist. I might illustrate this by tracing all the gradations of character marked out in the novels, from the Baron of Bradwardine to Tom Halliday; but the examples are too well known to require enumeration." Mr. Adolphus went on to say that Scott "must have bestowed a greater attention on military subjects, *and have mixed more frequently in the society of soldiers*, than is usual with persons not educated to the profession of arms."

Thomas Scott had from his youth, Dr. G—— tells me, a passion for the army;* and conjointly with his gifted wife, there can be little doubt, I think, that after he had joined the 70th Regiment, he furnished Sir Walter with much of that military sketch work, and technicality of phrase, which led people at first to imagine that Captain Adam Ferguson gave them birth.

* Previous to receiving the Paymastership of the 70th, he was an Officer in the Edinburgh Volunteers, and subsequently in the Manx Fencibles.

A kindly suggestion reached me, about two months since, to refer to the *Portfolio*, for 1818, a magazine published in Philadelphia, by the late Mr. Harrison Hall. It is, however, not only extremely "scarce" here, but in the New World also; and it was only within the last week that I obtained access to the late Thomas Moore's copy, now preserved, with the rest of his books, in the Royal Irish Academy. I at once found the paragraph to which Mr. C—— called my attention. It was written *apropos* to the following *on dit* from the *Morning Chronicle*, of May, 23, 1817:—"Mr. Walter Scott is said to be the author of the critique on the 'Tales of my Landlord,' in the *Quarterly Review*, and it is insinuated in the concluding paragraph, that his brother is the writer of the novels which have made so strong an impression on the public mind."

"Mr. Thomas Scott," said the *Portfolio*, "the gentleman here mentioned, holds the office of Paymaster of the 70th Regiment, stationed in Upper Canada, and resides in Kingston." It went on to say that an acknowledgment of the truth of the report had been made by a member of Mr. Scott's family within the last autumn; in addition to which a Philadelphian gentleman had seen the manuscript of one of those celebrated works. Suspicion had been considerably strengthened by a recent circumstance. Mrs. Thomas Scott had passed, a short time previously, through New York, on her way to Great Britain. Her arrival was immediately distinguished by an advertisement in one of the New York papers of a New Tale, in three volumes, entitled "Rob Roy," as having been put to press in England, by the "Author of Waverley and other Novels." This is certainly a striking coincidence. Mrs. Scott probably calculated the time that "Rob Roy" would be put out of her brother-in-law's hands, and Ballantyne's presses in full play upon it. The Americans would appear to have first heard of "Rob Roy" indirectly from Mrs. Thomas Scott. Her arrival in New York seems to have been instantaneously followed by the literary announcement. Having done this she started straight for England.

Our fathers and grandfathers remember a Review which, forty years ago, wielded as much influence as the *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly* of the present day. I allude to the *Monthly Review and Literary Journal.* It extended to upwards of a hundred volumes, and is still often referred to as a high

literary authority. Having adverted to the general assumption, that Walter Scott was the author of "Waverley," it says (vol. lxxxv. p. 262):—

"We have, however, before expressed our unwillingness to commit our high and grave reputation by any surmises on so weighty a matter. It is impossible for us to say, whether some fifty years hence inquisitive sagacity may *not build up and destroy* its own hypothesis respecting his person, as it has long been doing with Junius.

"A statement in the preface informs us that 'Rob Roy' is not altogether the legitimate offspring of our old friend, but that this tale was supplied from some other hand, and having been since entirely remodelled, is now presented to the public. Some readers, we are aware, have attributed this allegation to a little coyness on the part of the author, and are not inclined to give credence to it, *but we are disposed to acquit the author of any such coy behaviour, except in the concealment of his name.*"

The advertisement to the first edition of "Rob Roy" is indeed written with every appearance of seriousness. Sir Walter says, that

"Six months previously, he received a parcel of papers, containing the outlines of this narrative, with a permission, or rather with a request, that they might be given to the public, with such alterations as should be found suitable. These were of course so numerous, that besides the suppression of names, and of incidents approaching too much to reality, the work may in a great measure be said to be new written. Several anachronisms have probably crept in,.....and the mottoes for the chapters have been selected without any reference to the supposed date of the incidents. For these of course the editor is responsible. Some others occurred in the original materials, but they are of little consequence. In point of minute accuracy it may be stated that the bridge over the Forth, or rather the Avondu (or Black river), near the hamlet of Aberfoil, had not an existence thirty years ago. It does not, however, become the editor to be the first to point out these errors: and he takes this public opportunity to thank the unknown and nameless correspondent to whom the reader will owe the principal share of any amusement which he may derive from the following pages."

Scott, avowedly nervous of anachronisms and other errors, assures his readers, in the above, that he is only the editor of the work, having received the rough sketch of it in MS. about six months previously. It is not very likely that if

Scott's massive brain, and proverbially retentive memory, had wholly produced that able novel, he would feel nervously apprehensive of the discovery of mistakes, even aided, as he always was, by the able critic, James Ballantyne. He steadily protests that he is only editor, and that whatever mistakes or beauties the novel possesses are attributable to an unnamed person.

In the winter of 1817, about two months previous to the appearance of "Rob Roy," a report oozed out of Ballantyne's printing office, that the next tale of the series would be commemorative of the exploits of that distinguished Highland freebooter. Mr., afterwards Sir David Wilkie,* went on a visit to Abbotsford in October, 1817. The following extract from a letter to his sister, dated October 30, 1817, will be read with interest.

"I have never been in any place where there is so much real good humour and merriment. There is nothing but amusement from morning till night; and if Mr. Scott is really writing 'Rob Roy,' it must be while we are sleeping. He is either out planting trees, superintending the masons, or erecting fences the whole of the day. He goes frequently out hunting, and this morning there was a whole cavalcade of us out with Mr. and Mrs. Scott hunting hares.

"The family here are equally in the dark about whether Mr. Scott is the author of the novels. They are quite perplexed about it; they hope he is the author, and would be greatly mortified if it were to turn out that he was not. He has frequently talked about the different characters himself to us; and the young ladies express themselves greatly provoked with the sort of unconcern he affects towards them. He has *denied* the novels to various people that I know."

Wilkie remarks, that if Scott was really writing "Rob Roy," in October, 1817 (less than two months before its publication), it must have been when he and the other inhabitants of Abbotsford were asleep. As Scott proverbially retired to rest early, "Rob Roy" could not have been in progress of composition then. Was Scott writing it before his guests arose, is a question which naturally and eagerly arises. Washington Irving happened to be at Abbotsford at the very period that Wilkie expressed his astonishment at never seeing Scott engaged in any occupation but out-door

* Life of Sir David Wilkie by Allan Cunningham, vol. i. p. 483.

amusement and the society of his family and guests. Wilkie communicated his views to Irving, and the great American author placed them on record.

Irving published his visit to "Abbotsford and Newstead" in 1818. After describing Scott's easy life of pleasure from morning till night, he writes:—

"I rose at *an early hour*, and looked out between the branches of eglantine which overhung the casement. To my surprise, Scott was already up, and forth, seated on a fragment of stone, and chatting with the workmen employed in the new building. I had supposed, after the time he had wasted upon me yesterday, he would be closely occupied this morning, but he appeared like a man of leisure, who had nothing to do but bask in the sunshine and amuse himself. I soon dressed myself and joined him.

"Not long after my departure from Abbotsford, my friend Wilkie arrived there to paint a picture of the Scott family. He found the house full of guests. Scott's whole time was taken up in riding and driving about the country, or in social conversation at home. 'All this time,' said Wilkie to me, 'I did not presume to ask Mr. Scott to sit for his portrait, for I saw he had not a moment to spare. I waited for the guests to go away; but as fast as one set went another arrived, and so it continued for several days, and with each set he was completely occupied. At length all went off, and we were quiet. I thought, however, Mr. Scott will now shut himself up among his books and papers, for he has to make up for lost time, it will not do for me to ask him now to sit for his picture.

"'Laidlaw, who managed his estate, came in; and Scott turned to him, as I supposed, to consult about business. "Laidlaw," said he, "to-morrow morning we will go across the water, and take the dogs with us; there is a place where I think we shall be able to find a hare." In short,' added Wilkie, 'I found that, instead of business, he was thinking only of amusement, as if he had nothing in the world to occupy him. So I no longer feared to intrude upon his time.'"

This routine was no occasional indulgence, but Scott's uniform system of life. "The humblest person," writes Mr. Lockhart, "who stayed merely for a short visit, must have departed with the impression that what he witnessed was an occasional variety; that Scott's courtesy prompted him

to break in upon his habits when he had a stranger to amuse; but that it was physically impossible that the man who was writing the Waverley Romances, at the rate of nearly twelve volumes in the year, could continue—week after week, and month after month—to devote all, but a hardly perceptible fraction of his mornings to out-of-door occupations, and the whole of his evenings to the entertainment of a constantly varying circle of guests. . . . .

"The hospitality of his afternoons must alone have been enough to exhaust the energies of almost any man; for his visitors did not mean, like those of country houses in general, to enjoy the landlord's good cheer, and amuse each other; but the far greater proportion arrived from a distance, for the sole sake of the poet and novelist himself, whose person they had never seen before, and whose voice they might never again have any opportunity of hearing. No other villa in Europe was ever resorted to from the same motives, and to anything like the same extent, except Ferney. Voltaire never dreamt of being visible to his hunters, except for a brief space of the day; few of them even dined with him, and none of them seem to have slept under his roof. Scott's establishment, on the contrary, resembled, in every particular, that of the affluent idler, who, because he has inherited, or would fain transmit, political influence in some province, keeps open house, receives as many as he has room for, and sees their apartments occupied, as soon as they vacate them, by another troop of the same description. Even on gentlemen guiltless of inkshed, the exercise of hospitality, upon this sort of scale, is found to impose a heavy tax. . . . Scott was the one object of the Abbotsford pilgrims, and evening followed evening only to show him exerting, for their amusement, more of animal spirits, to say nothing of intellectual vigour, than would have been considered by any other man in the company as sufficient for the whole expenditure of a week's existence."

Scott, addressing Allan Cunningham on November 14, 1820, writes:—"I have been meditating a long letter to you for many weeks past; but company, and rural business, and rural sports are very unfavourable to writing letters."

Very true, and must prove, one would think, still more unfavourable to writing novels. Be this as it may, novel after novel appeared in electrical succession. Men were struck dumb with wonder and admiration. The critics and

reviewers* could hardly believe their eyes. In fact, each new novel was greeted by them with something of the same feeling of consternation with which Macbeth beheld the interminable line of phantom kings:—

> "Why do you show me this? a fourth! start eyes!
> What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
> Another yet?—a seventh? I'll see no more.
> And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
> Which shows me many more."

It is quite evident, that amid this constant round of occupation,† such moments as it was in Sir Walter's power to snatch from his watchful and admiring visitors,‡ could never have sufficed to construct one of the Waverley novels, from foundation to roof; even allowing three times a longer period for its composition than usually appeared consumed. The unassisted construction of any one of those powerful fictions must have necessitated a steady application of thought and time, impossible, as it appears to me, amid the round of occupation which the world daily witnessed in Sir Walter Scott's case. After the death of Thomas Scott, and the failure of Constable,—when Sir Walter's circumstances suddenly became involved in serious embarrassment,—when the great man declared, that an intellectual mine existed, which, if worked, must eventually produce value sufficient to smooth matters once more,—when he abandoned the once gay Abbotsford, and his quondam friends, with few exceptions, abandoned *him*,—when quietly taking up his residence in an obscure house at Edinburgh,§ with ample leisure at his disposal in order to draw forth the yet hidden treasures of his fertile mind, he contrasted in his Diary the luxurious

* The *British Review* (August, 1818) says:—"In concluding our review of 'Rob Roy,' in the number for February, we had certainly no expectation that in so short a time four new volumes from the same hand could again be conjured on our table." And at the close of the article: "Since we sent these few paragraphs to the press, we have been informed that there is a third series of 'Tales of my Landlord' going forward at Edinburgh."

The *Monthly Review* says:—"We find it impossible to extend our remarks upon this inexhaustible story teller. The intervals between his productions are indeed scarcely long enough to allow us to finish the perusal of one before another challenges its place."

† See Appendix.

‡ From the following extract of a letter to James Ballantyne (Sep. 2, 1813), written before Scott had commenced his career as a novelist, it is evident that visitors proved a complete barrier to literary progress. "My temper is really worn to a hair's breadth. The intruder of yesterday hung on me till twelve to-day. When I had first taken my pen, he was relieved, like a sentry leaving guard, by two other lounging visitors."

§ No. 6, Gt. David-street.

advantages of leisure, with the fatal antagonism which miscellaneous occupation must ever present to successful literary exertion. "I stay at home,* and add another day's perfect labour to 'Woodstock,' which is worth five days of snatched intervals, when the current of thought and invention is broken in upon, and the mind shaken and diverted from its purpose, by a succession of petty interruptions."

Again, on February 23, 1826, he writes:—"Corrected two sheets of 'Woodstock.' *These are not the days of idleness.* The fact is, that the not seeing company gives me a command of my time which I possessed at no other period of my life—at least since I knew how to make some use of my leisure. There is a great pleasure in sitting down to write, with the consciousness that nothing will occur during the day to break the spell."

On the 6th February, addressing Lady Davy, Sir Walter Scott writes:—"As my wife and Anne propose to remain all the year round at Abbotsford, I shall be solitary enough in my lodgings. . . . I propose to slam the door in the face of all and sundry for these three years to come, and neither eat nor give to eat."

Unpursued by lion-hunters, as Scott was at this period; his round of outdoor recreation discontinued; relieved from the absorbing duties of hospitality, and, in short, with ample time at his disposal, we find him consuming a longer time† in the composition of "Woodstock," than many previous tales presumed to have been written under very disadvantageous circumstances.

I will here introduce the substance of a conversation which I have just had with Lieutenant-Colonel Kelsall, who commanded for a considerable time the 70th Regiment. I mention the name of that respected officer with his own permission.

He was Captain of the 70th in Thomas Scott's time. He commanded the firing-party at Scott's funeral, and remembers the general feeling of regret which his death caused. They had to dig through two feet of snow, when preparing his grave. Colonel Kelsall always suspected that some literary connexion existed between Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott and Sir Walter. Of its extent he could form no idea; the matter always appeared wrapped up in much mystery, and

* Diary, January 31, 1826.

† "Woodstock" was begun in January, and published in June, 1826. The political squibs of "Malachi Malagrowther" were likewise thrown off during this interval.

as it was easy to collect that any direct inquiries would not be welcome, he had too much delicacy to investigate the subject.

In the year 1816, he left the regiment on leave of absence, and passed several months in England and Ireland. On his return to Canada, which was some time in 1818, he had a conversation with Sampson, the Adjutant, which left a fixed impression on his mind. Mr. Sampson was a countryman of the Scotts, and he was understood in the regiment to possess much of their confidence and friendship. Colonel Kelsall, in the course of a *tete-a-tete* colloquy with the Adjutant, was distinctly given to understand by him, that during his absence in Europe certain literary manufactures had been in full vigour of operation. Mr. and Mrs. Scott had been much closeted together; manuscripts were preparing,* and Mrs. Scott had even been to England in the *interim*, to look after their publication, and whatever pecuniary arrangements were connected with it.—(See *ante*, p. 50.) This is the full impression on Colonel Kelsall's mind; and he now regards, as he then regarded, Mr. Sampson's statement as excellent authority. The Colonel looked upon the communication as confidential at the time, and he did not mention it for many years after.

Thomas Scott was quite celebrated in the regiment, and in his own immediate circle of friends, for his extraordinary tact and talent for story telling. Colonel Kelsall and the other officers often remarked, what an admirable story Tom Scott could make out of very indifferent materials. He could rivet the breathless attention of his hearers, or, like Yorick, "set the table in a roar." A narrative of the most common-place circumstances could, in his hands, be made a strangely fascinating story. He embellished largely, but, nevertheless, so adhered to actual fact, that the narrative lost none of its interest even to those who had before heard it, or who were aware of his tendency to amplify.

Colonel Kelsall is not of opinion that Thomas Scott wrote much himself. He thinks that any literary co-operation which existed between him and Mrs. Scott was, in his case, accomplished by dictation. For some years before he died, his hand shook nervously, in part owing to his frequent indulgence in the pleasures of conviviality.

* Suspicion of co-operation also attached to a member of Mrs. Scott's family still living.

Mrs. Scott Colonel Kelsall describes as a most strong-minded woman, highly accomplished, and abounding in anecdote and literary knowledge. She asked Colonel Kelsall, on his return to Canada, if he had read "the Scotch Novels," and was greatly astonished to hear from him, that in consequence of his extensive professional occupation previously, he had not. She at once made him promise that he should read them then and there. Not content with the Colonel's affirmative assurances, however, Mrs. Scott retired to her room, brought them forth, placed them in his hands, and saw that he was fairly "under way," before she appeared quite satisfied. The Colonel thought, and very naturally, that Mrs. Scott's zeal indicated something approaching a parental interest. Colonel Kelsall always knew that Mrs. Scott was "a good penswoman," and a person of much judgment and talent. *She appeared continually engaged in some absorbing occupation, the nature of which could only be surmised.*

Colonel Kelsall remembers the remarkable letter in the *Quebec Herald* (*ante*, p. 14). He thinks the writer of it was Lieutenant Goldfrap, long deceased. He was a man of literary tastes, and a pleasing writer. The name of the editor of the *Quebec Herald* he does not recollect. His son was an officer in the Quebec Militia. Colonel Kelsall remembers Tom Scott's unguarded exclamation, mentioned by Colonel W——, of Guernsey (*ante*, p. 47). The names of his brother officers worked up in the Waverley Novels often struck him as very strange. "Dalgetty" is an especially uncommon name. Major M'Gregor, the Colonel says, seemed as though he had sat for his portrait in "Rob Roy." The appearance of the Highland chieftain, as therein given, was strongly suggestive of Major M'Gregor. The Major was a broadshouldered, swarthy man, of stern aspect; but never appeared to suspect that a literary limner's pen had traced his outline.

But in the meantime, I must not forget Mr. Ballantyne's third point. Whatever circumstantial evidence, he writes, "W. J. F. has produced to prove 'the Antiquary' not to be the work of Sir W. Scott, he has not brought forward a single authority to substantiate the assumption that Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott gave important assistance to 'Waverley' and 'Guy Mannering.'" Mr. Edgar MacCulloch's letter in *Notes and Queries* encourages the presumption I advanced (*ante*, p. 22). In the curious article from the

Quebec Herald, of July, 1820 (*ante*, p. 14), the writer of it positively and distinctly stated that he was told by Mr. and Mrs. Scott that Dominie Sampson, the celebrated character in "Guy Mannering," was an old college acquaintance of the former, and that Flora McIvor's* character in "Waverley," was supplied by Mrs. Scott herself. The writer goes on to say, that the Paymaster and his wife assisted each other in writing, but that Walter revised. "I have often heard," said he, "Mrs. Scott describe the very originals from whom the principal characters were drawn." Mr. Lockhart, p. 239, mentions that Mrs. Scott passed much of her early life at Dumfries (see *ante*, p. 15). The American writer goes on to say—"His" (the Antiquary's) name I have now forgotten, *but he lived at Dumfries.*† He mentions having seen many MSS. in their possession—especially that of the "Antiquary." This was the only novel which they acknowledged as undoubtedly their own. I am very sure, however, that without Sir Walter's filling up, and artistic touch, it never could have succeeded. So much revision may Sir Walter have bestowed on it, that it is quite possible he considered its success owing to himself, and that for this reason he might safely class it among his other works. Canova always employed a workman to execute in the rough whatever piece of sculpture his fancy planned. It was the statuarist's finishing touch that gave life and spirituality to the conception.

I have still strong presumptive evidence tending to the conclusion, that the exquisite novel of "Guy Mannering" (written by Sir W. Scott in about three weeks, according to his son-in-law) was originally drawn up in the rough by some other hand, and only prepared for the press by Scott.

* It has often been remarked, as contrasting with the works of the *male* novelists of the present and past generation, what a vast throng of female characters—all fascinating for their purity and perfection—have been introduced on the stage of the Waverley Novels. No Becky Sharps, or Blanche Amorys, or Lady Pelhams, or Miss Murdstones, mingle with the throng. If the character of Flora McIvor was supplied by Mrs. Scott, for how many more are we indebted to that genial hand? Several volumes of beautifully engraved portraits of the female characters have been published separately. The male characters—for the most part—are unfavourably portrayed. As to the "Highlanders in the Scotch novels," Moore's Diary, of July 1, 1827, records an amusing piece of chat with Allen, Sir W. Scott's friend. "Allen remarked to-day on the contempt Scott shows for the Highlanders in his novels, always represents them as shabby fellows. 'Quentin Durward,' Allen said, is the most gentlemanlike of his heroes."

† Sir Walter, in his Introduction to the "Antiquary," furnishes no more explanatory information respecting the original character than that he had known him in his youth. There is no allusion to Dumfries.

The literary world are acquainted with a valuable pamphlet from the pen of Mr. Gilbert J. French, which, in the month of December last, was brought out by that gentleman, and extensively distributed among his literary friends. It is entitled "Parallel Passages from two Tales, elucidating the Origin of the Plot of 'Guy Mannering.'"* Rabidly denounced by some,† it has met a courteous reception from the more respectable portion of the press. They admit that Mr. French has clearly proved, by parallel passages, that the story of "Guy Mannering" is merely a mechanical adaptation from the "Memoirs of an Unfortunate Young Nobleman" (pub. in 1743), and the singular history of James Annesley, claimant of the honours and estates of the Earls of Annesley, published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1743. "The manuscript of Mr. French's pamphlet," observes the *Athenæum* of January 5, 1856, "was submitted to Mr. Lockhart, who acknowledged its ingenuity and interest, and half pledged himself‡ to advert to the matter in a second edition of his 'Biography of Scott.' None, however, who are familiar with Mr. Lockhart's method of precedure, will be surprised to find that his part in the business terminated by the acknowledgment referred to." Finding that Mr. Lockhart had declined to notice the matter in subsequent editions, Mr. French at length published the substance of his pamphlet in *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*, and the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The article excited much interest in literary circles; and, having now become public, Mr. Lockhart could not well avoid alluding to it. In the edition of 1845 (p. 310), he writes: "Since the last of these" (previous editions) "appeared, a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* has pointed out some very remarkable coincidences between the narrative of 'Guy Mannering' and the very singular history of James Annesley, &c. That Sir Walter must have read the records of this celebrated trial, as well as Smollett's edition of the story in 'Peregrine Pickle,' there can be no doubt. *How the circumstance had not recurred to his memory when writing the explanatory introduction to his novel, I can offer no conjecture!*"

* Mr. French states in his Preface (p. viii.) that it was in consequence of my article in *Notes and Queries* that he was induced to present the subject to a few literary friends, believing that the time has arrived, at which it may prove of interest.

† For a specimen of the hostile criticisms, see Appendix. It is good for me to know what may, in my own case, be expected.

‡ Mr. Lockhart *positively promised* to do so. See Appendix.

Sir Walter, in his Preface to the collected edition of the Waverley novels (p. iii.), promises "to publish on this occasion the various legends, family traditions, or obscure historical facts, which have furnished the groundwork of these novels,"* and at p. xxxviii. writes: "I have done all that I can do, to explain the nature of my materials, and the use I have made of them." Scott accordingly produced satisfactory particulars of the groundwork of every tale except "Guy Mannering," which was prefaced by an absurd, supernatural story, in no way suggestive of that splendid novel. Scott's chosen biographer regards as unaccountable, his omission to acknowledge and detail what there "can be no doubt" the author of "Guy Mannering" must have read and studied, to have been able to design that intricately planned tale. There is only one solution to the mystery. A proverbially retentive memory like Scott's could never have forgotten the obvious groundwork of his best novel. The parties who probably sent the rough sketch of "Guy Mannering," for filling up and revision, were alone competent to write its historical introduction. That Sir Walter failed to perform his promise is evident in the case of "Guy Mannering."†

The coincidences of names pointed out by Mr. French are as striking as the coincidences of fact. Some of the names are slightly altered,—the greater number, *i.e.*, Barnes, Kennedy, Jans, Brown, Dawson, Abel, &c., are identical in both.

So ingenious an adaptation must have taken a much longer period to accomplish, than a story written *currente calamo*. To give the tale a novel freshness, and smooth over the seams of the arras, was no easy task. The plot of "Guy Mannering" is exquisitely intricate, and has always been more generally popular than its predecessors or successors.‡

* "As well as a statement of particular incidents founded on fact."—*Gen. Pre.*

† Sir Walter, in his Diary, refers slightingly to Horace Smith, for working up, without acknowledgment, "whole pages of Defoe's History of the Plague," into his historical novel of "Brambletye House." Scott would hardly express himself in this manner, if he were cognizant of having "borrowed" to a considerably wider extent himself, as is clear in the case of "Guy Mannering." In my opinion he was wholly unaware of the evidently studied coincidences in question.

‡ Lockhart calls it "a delicious romance," as indeed it is. By the way, could there be any of that mental reservation already noticed, in the denial (*ante*, p. 10), that Thomas Scott wrote the whole or a great part of the *novels*? Some of the "Waverley Novels" are, in the original editions, styled *romances*. For instance, "Kenilworth,—a Romance;" the "Monastery," "Abbott," "Ivanhoe,"

My observations relative to the time (inferred by Mr. Lockhart) as having been consumed by Scott in writing "Guy Mannering," will possibly be in the recollection of the reader. I would, however, wish him to reperuse them (*ante*, p. 17), as calculated to throw additional light on this stage of my progress.

Even assuming, however, that the intricately planed tale of "Guy Mannering" was not attended with the labour of adaptation (so as to escape detection), but, on the contrary, solely constructed in Scott's brain, I take it, that no inconsiderable lapse of time would have been necessary to the task. Sir Walter, in a satiric onslaught on those whom he rather unreasonably called his "imitators,"—William H. Ainsworth, and Horace Smith—and observant of the necessity that existed for brisker action (Diary, Oct. 18, 1826), three years after the death of Thomas Scott, and when the skilful plot of the novels was observed to flag,* writes:—"There is one way to give novelty—to depend for success on the interest of a well-contrived story. But wo's me! that requires thought, consideration—the writing out a regular plan or plot—above all, the adhering to one."

"Two volumes of 'Guy Mannering,' composed, written, transcribed, and printed in sixteen days," sounds oddly after all this.

With all the ingenious mechanical adaptation which Mr. French proves, irrefragably, to have been wrought in the case of "Guy Mannering," there was intermingled a mass of local portraiture and sketch-work, so exquisitely coloured, as to give a peculiarly fresh hue to the broad sheet of canvass. A more delicious romance than "Guy Mannering" has never been produced.

"Mrs. Scott's knowledge of the legendary lore of her native province of Galloway," writes her cousin, Mr. Edgar MacCulloch (*ante*, p. 22), is said by those who had the pleasure of her acquaintance to have been very great. It was generally thought in her family that she had supplied many of the anecdotes and traits of character, which Sir Walter Scott worked up in his Scotch novels. Much of the scenery

&c. Dr. Webster, in his "Dictionary of the English Language" (p. 962), writes:—"Romance differs from the *novel*, as it treats of actions, and adventures of an unusual and wonderful character." Mr. Lockhart says (p. 469), that "Ivanhoe," "Monastery," "Abbot," and "Kenilworth," were scarcely more than a twelve months' labour.

*The *Examiner* of Jan. 4, 1824, reviewing "St. Ronan's Well," says, "We unequivocally and decidedly rank it below *every one* of its predecessors."

described in 'Guy Mannering' appears to have been sketched from localities in the immediate vicinity of Mrs. Scott's birth-place—a remarkable cavern, the cove of Kirkclaugh, for example, being pointed out to tourists as Dirk Hatteraick's cave." After alluding to the statement, that Scott never was in Galloway, Mr. MacCulloch says, "If this be the case,* the minute description of places answering so closely to real localities is, to say the least, a very remarkable coincidence, and warrants the supposition, that in this point Sir Walter may have been indebted to the assistance of some one well acquainted with the scenes so vividly depicted."

Mr. MacCulloch concluded his letter to *Notes and Queries* with—"Many of the features in the character of the Miser, Morton of Milnwood, in 'Old Mortality,† are traditionally ascribed to a Mr. MacCulloch of Barholm (in Galloway), who lived about the time of the civil wars described in that novel." In juxta-position with this, I will add some extracts from a letter addressed to me, on February 12, 1856, by a cousin of the late Mrs. Thomas Scott. "The late Mr. MacCulloch, of Barholm, a strangely eccentric man, was fully persuaded that he was in some respects the type of Harry Bertram,‡ and I have heard, wrote a pamphlet exposing the villany of lawyers, who, like Glossin, had taken advantage of his father's old age and infirmities, and his own minority, to alienate large portions of his estate, as he said, to their own advantage. The old tower of Barholm, from which he takes his territorial designation, was thus disposed of to the proprietors of the contiguous estate of Kirkdale. Any one,

* It *is* the case. See *ante*, p. 22. By the way, the wilds of Galloway are crowded with graves of the slaughtered Covenanters.

† Mr. Paterson, the original of "Old Mortality," was a noted Galloway personage. When Mr. Train, as appears from Lockhart (vol. v., p. 179), mentioned Mr. Paterson's name colloquially, Scott did not appear to know who he was, or what constitnted his characteristics. This converstation occurred in May, 1816. "Old Mortality," said Scott, "who was he?" "Mr. Train," writes Lockhart, "then told him, what he could remember of old Paterson, and seeing how much his story interested the hearer, offered to inquire further about that enthusiast on his return to Galloway." "Do so by all means," said Scott. Mr. Lockhart adds, that Scott made no allusion to his own meeting with Paterson, in the old churchyard of Dunottar, but that Mr. Train's observation probably recalled it to his memory. Mr. Lockhart records his opinion, that "to this intercourse with Mr. Train we owe the whole machinery of the 'Tales of my Landlord'!"

‡ Novel readers will remember, that Harry Bertram, alias Vanbeest Brown, is, from his birth, a prominent character in "Guy Mannering." The watchful anxiety of Meg Merrilies, at his birth, and afterwards over his interests, will also be remembered.

with the descriptions of "Guy Mannering" fresh in his mind, cannot but be struck with the resemblance between the old tower of Barholm, on a height overlooking the modern house of Kirkdale, at no great distance from the sea-shore—the cave of Kirkclaugh,* with the spreading bay of Wigton, and the wooded glen (a very haunt for gypsies), and the description of the auld and new places of Ellangowan, and their surrounding scenery. I know that some persons in the neighbourhood consider Carlsleuth, formerly the seat of the Browns, as the prototype, but this place is in a low situation."

It has been remarked, that the sirnames of certain members of Mrs. Scott's family were often bestowed on fictitious characters in the novels: Mr. Corsand, for example, the magistrate who examined Dirk Hatteraick, in "Guy Mannering,"—Mrs. Corsand, of Dumfries, Mrs. Scott's grandmother, will be remembered (*ante*, p. 15).

Mr. Edgar MacCulloch, of Guernsey, writing to me, says: "With respect to Meg Merrilies (in Guy 'Mannering'), I remember one of my cousins, now dead, telling me an anecdote concerning a gypsy woman who, in the last century, used to frequent *Galloway*, and often managed to be at hand when a birth was expected in any considerable family. On these occasions she used to spin a hank of thread, as Meg is described as doing, and from the appearance it presented when finished, draw an augury as to the future fate of the new-born babe.† Many singular predictions of her's are said to have had their accomplishment. The only one my cousin remembered was this: after winding off the thread, the gypsy cried out, "*A dark night and a deep ford, many seekers and no finder!*" She was importuned to express herself more openly, but declared she could not. The boy grew up to man's estate. One night his horse returned home without his rider; the servants went in search of their master; they found the ford he must have passed overflowed, but the body of the unfortunate gentleman was never more seen."

* Kirkclaugh and Barholm are situated about half way between Ardwell and Creetown. Ardwell was the residence of Mr. MacCulloch, the father of Mrs. Thomas Scott.'

† "And now," said Meg Merrilies, "some of you maun lay down your watch, and tell me the very minute o' the hour the wean's born, and I'll spae its fortune."—*Guy Mannering*, vol. i. p. 27.

"I was a child," continues Mr. Mac Culloch,* in 1814, "when the novel of 'Waverley' appeared, but I well remember hearing my grandfather† say, that Sir Walter Scott was the author of that and the subsequent novels, *and that he was assisted in them by his sister-in-law, Elizabeth Mac Culloch.* I fancy his informant was Dr. Mac Culloch."‡

It is well known in the family of Sir Walter Scott, that he never was in Galloway. The fact is a remarkable one, and the reader is requested to bear it in mind, when weighing the foregoing evidence.

Having expressed some surprise to a relative of the late Mrs. Thomas Scott's, that the entire of Sir Walter Scott's letters to her,§ and her letters to him, should have been suppressed by his literary executor, he replied in a letter now before me: "As for Lockhart's reticences, any one

* Letter to the author, Feb. 15, 1856.

† First cousin to Elizabeth Mac Culloch, afterwards Mrs. Thomas Scott.

‡ Dr. John Mac Culloch was born at Guernsey, in 1773. In 1790, he was sent to Edinburgh to study medicine; and at the early age of eighteen received the diploma of a physician, being the youngest student who had ever passed the required examination. Though mature in intellect, however, he was boyish in countenance; and considering himself too young to succeed as a private practitioner, he entered the artillery as Assistant-Surgeon. In 1803, he became Chemist to the Ordnance, and in 1816, was engaged by Government in the survey of Scotland. Mac Culloch's mineralogical and geological survey of that country is considered his most important public work. For the map alone he received £7,000. The London Catalogue will furnish a list of his many voluminous scientific works. In the East India Company's establishment at Addiscombe, he filled the office of Lecturer on Chemistry. In 1835, he married; but his nuptial happiness was of short duration. By an unfortunate accident he was thrown out of a chaise, which so much injured one of his legs, as rendered amputation indispensable. Throughout the operation he displayed the most philosophic firmness, even to directing the surgeon who performed it. It was all to no avail, however; Mac Culloch expired in the arms of his young bride immediately after.

§ All suppressed, with the exception of one diminutive extract, just sufficient to show the friendship and confidence that existed between them. Mr. Lockhart, in the Preface to his Biography, publicly thanked those correspondents of Scott, who placed their letters in his hands. "For the copious materials," he writes, "which the friends of Sir Walter have placed at my disposal, I feel just gratitude." Mrs. Thomas Scott's name is introduced at the termination of the list. Many of Sir Walter's letters to Thomas Scott are evidently suppressed. A plentiful sprinkling of stars in those really printed, clearly intimate the obliteration of entire paragraphs. It is worthy of remark, that in none of Sir Walter's letters to his brother in Canada (as published by Lockhart), does there appear the slightest allusion to any of those splendid works, which at that period formed the theme of universal praise and wonder. Is this natural? The letter to Thomas Scott (*ante*, p. 15), wherein he tells him to look nothing when "Waverley" is spoken of, is the only reference to the novels. This was in 1814. Several letters, extending over a subsequent period of nine years, are scattered through the book.

who has read his Life of Sir Walter cannot fail being aware of them. He is said to have been vindictive; and I have heard that personal dislike led him to suppress any allusion to individuals, whose names one would otherwise have expected to find in that work. Such I believe to have been the case with my uncle, Dr. John Mac Culloch, whose valuable and erudite work on 'the Highlands and Islands of Scotland' was written in the form of letters, addressed to Sir Walter Scott."

It is worthy of remark, that the strong assertion respecting Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott's share in the "Waverley Novels" (made on the authority of their own personal assurance) was published in a Canadian paper, under the very eye of Mr. and Mrs. Scott, who had been for eight years previously resident in Canada. The remarkable admission was copied into every American newspaper. The Paymaster or his gifted wife never contradicted the statement, but by their silence converted into a public, what was originally a private admission. Thomas Scott died two years after.

I have referred (*ante*, p. 20) to an interesting communication addressed by "F. C. H." to *Notes and Queries*, soon after the "Scott question" had been started. "In corroboration of the opinion put forth by W. J. F." he writes, "that Sir Walter Scott did not write, or was not the exclusive author of the 'Waverley Novels,' reference may be made to a strong assertion made in 1820, in two articles on Sir Walter Scott, in the *London Magazine*." "F. C. H." appended some extracts, well worthy of attention, and furnished such references of page as enabled me to find, without difculty, other equally valuable matter.

The second volume of the *London Magazine* from July to December, 1820,* commences with a "Memoir of Sir

* Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd, D.C.L., in his "Final Memorials of Charles Lamb," p. 248, thus adverts to the establishment of the *London Magazine*:— "Lamb's association with Hazlitt, in 1820, introduced him to that of the *London Magazine*, which supplied the finest stimulus his intellect had ever received, and induced the composition of essays fondly and familiarly known under the title of 'Elia.' Never was a periodical work commenced with happier auspices, numbering a list of contributors more original in thought, more fresh in spirit, more sportive in fancy, or directed by an editor better qualified by nature and study to preside, than this 'London.' There was Lamb, with humanity ripened among town-bred experiences, and pathos matured by sorrow, at his wisest, sagest, airiest, *in*discreetest, best. Barry Cornwall, in the first bloom of his modest and enduring fame, streaking the darkest passion with beauty; John Hamilton Reynolds, lighting up the wildest eccentricities and most striking features of

Walter Scott." It is written with great power and vivacity, and traces, with a friendly and admiring pen, the records of his literary and private life. After enumerating Sir Walter's poetical and prose works, the biographer, at p. 115, startles the reader with the following paragraphs:—

"We now come to the question which has been so long and so earnestly argued. Is he, or is he not, the author of what are emphatically denominated 'The Scotch Novels?' *We expressly and confidently declare*—HE IS NOT.

"In hazarding this bold assertion, we know and feel the responsibility we have voluntarily incurred. We know, likewise, that in stating it in this unqualified manner we shall not be justified by any argument deduced from any fancied internal proof in the works themselves, or from any opinion we may have been induced to form from mere circumstantial evidence.

"The fact is, that these works were written by a near relative of Sir Walter Scott; they were severally sent to him by that relative in an unfinished state, for revision, correction, and methodizing.

"Through his agency the arrangements for disposing of the copyright, and the time and manner of publication, were made; and notwithstanding the continued mystery in which the whole affair is enveloped, it is firmly believed by the parties with whom he has been obliged to be immediately connected, that they are solely the productions of his own pen. These facts were communicated by the real author of the novels to a colonel in the army, who is well known and eminently respected for the gallantry of his services, the powers of his mind, and the extent and depth of his erudition; and we have no doubt that we shall obtain from him, permission, previous to the publication of our next number, to set this question for ever at rest, by giving up the name of the real writer of those admirable works of fiction, as well as his own.

"The reasons for throwing, and continuing to throw, the garb of anonymity over these novels, must be obvious to every inquiring mind. Since their commencement they have been almost universally attributed to Sir Walter Scott: hence any

many-coloured life with vivid fancy; and Hazlitt, whose pen, unloosed from the chain which earnest thought and metaphysical dreamings had woven, gave radiant expression to the result of the solitary musings of many years."

advantage that might accrue from a name so pre-eminently popular and successful, they inherit in the fullest degree; and, in addition, possess that peculiar air of mystery, which, by continuing to excite the attention and elicit the inquiries of literary men, will press the novels themselves continually before the public eye. We much doubt, notwithstanding their intrinsic excellence, whether the letters of Junius would have been half so much read, if, instead of preserving such a mysterious silence respecting the author, his curtain had been withdrawn and his vizor unlocked."

The foregoing appeared in the August number of the *London Magazine*, for 1820. Three months elapsed, and the curiosity of the public for some definite information inflamed to a high state of intensity. The editor of the *London Magazine* was inundated with letters. At length, in his October number (p. 381), he published the following article:—

"THE AUTHOR OF THE SCOTCH NOVELS.

"In the memoirs of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., we stated that *we were in possession of facts* which *justified* us in asserting that the admirable works of imagination under this title were *not* from the pen of that distinguished writer. We then said:—[Here follows a repetition of the paragraphs already quoted. The editor goes on to say]:—

"The officer, to whom we allnded, had then recently formed a matrimonial connexion with the family of a distinguished nobleman; and had left town, a short time previous to the publication of the number referred to; hence we have been unable to procure his permission to use his name, as the authority on which we made the statement.*

However, from the interest which has been excited, in consequence of our remarks, although we cannot at present justifiably mention any other names, we feel no hesitation in gratifying the curiosity of our readers, by informing them, that Mrs. Scott, formerly Miss MacCulloch, the lady of Thomas Scott, Esq., Paymaster to the 70th Regiment, at present in Canada, and Brother to Sir Walter Scott, is the writer of these novels, *not* Mr. Thomas Scott."

* Why not write to the country after him? All this appears to me as a delicate excuse to the public for omitting to give the Colonel's name, as the editor had previously half pledged himself to do. The Colonel certainly had no right to reveal what was communicated to him confidentially, and it is more than probable that when he found the substance of his conversation printed in the *London Magazine*, he declined to let his name thus publicly accompany it. The officer was probably Colonel Sir Louis Grant, who succeeded Sir G. Cole as commander of the 70th Regiment.

The *New Monthly Magazine*, for October, 1818, edited by Thomas Campbell, states that "they have *the best reasons*," for knowing of a certain Canadian connexion with the "Waverley Novels."

Let it not be imagined that I subscribe to every word of the foregoing string of extracts from the *London Magazine*. I believe them to be only, to a certain extent, true. An old aphorism says "there is never smoke without fire;" and appreciating its wisdom, I attach some value to the editor's allegations. There is a fearless confidence about the statement, which almost carries conviction; there are also traces, I conceive, of a somewhat ardent and impulsive temperament in the writer, which may have led him, unwittingly, to amplify facts.

"F. C. H." an erudite writer, and distinguished divine, having called my attention in *Notes and Queries* to the above paragraphs, went on to say:—"At p. 555 of the same *London Magazine* appears an extract from *The Dumfries Courier*, with a note of the history of Helen Walker, on which was founded the tale of "*The Heart of Mid Lothian;*" which note was made by Mrs. Scott, long before that series of "*The Tales of my Landlord*" had been announced. These coincidences are undoubtedly curious."

I have already spoken of Mrs. Scott's peculiarly extensive acquaintance with Galloway, and the vicinity of Dumfries. "It is not, we believe, very generally known," says the above referred to extract from the *Dumfries Courier*, "that the celebrated tale of '*the Heart of Mid Lothian*' is founded on fact, and that its heroines resided, for the greater part of their lives, in the immediate neighbourhood of Dumfries," &c.

The remains of Helen Walker (Jeannie Deans) are interred in the churchyard of Irongray, a romantic little cemetery on the banks of the Cairn, situated within a few miles of Dumfries.

Mr. Ballantyne's "reply" concluded with a declaration that my efforts, and those of "F. C. H.," to "lay the bairn at a certain door, merit nought but ridicule." Such an observation comes badly from Mr. Ballantyne. If he considered that the case I made out deserved nought but ridicule, why did he impetuously rush forward, immediately on the appearance of my very short article, exhorting the public to suspend their judgment, and begging a "fortnight's time" to prepare his "rebutting case?"

CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS.

In conclusion, I have only to say that the concealment of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott's presumed share in the authorship of the "Waverley Novels" appears to me grounded on politic reasons. Several of them will be obvious to the readers of this pamphlet. One may not be so. When Mr. Lockhart was engaged upon the "Memoirs of Sir W. Scott," committees* were being organized, and subscriptions raised, to free his property from incumbrances, and purchase for ever, with a view to entailing on the family, the splendid mansion and grounds of Abbotsford, its library, and museum—to raise colossal cenotaphs in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Selkirk—and to place, what has not since been placed, a statue to his memory in Westminster Abbey. Thirty thousand pounds were generously advanced by Mr. Cadell, the publisher, who accepted as security the right to the profits accruing from Sir Walter's copyright property, and literary remains. Mr. Lockhart, in his ably compiled biography, adverted at some length to the undiminished sale of the Novels, and expressed a hope that it would "please the Legislature to extend the period for which literary property had hitherto been protected;" which prayer Mr. Sergeant Talfourd rapidly followed up by five attempts to introduce a bill for that purpose.

To rush forward with these pages at such a juncture would have been, in the highest degree, uncalled for, and intrusive—but twenty-four years having since elapsed, during which time the copyright has been exhausted, and the "Waverley Novels" have travelled the world wide in shilling volumes, I can see no substantial objection to the course I now pursue.

I believe it is an established fact, that any avowedly joint production, no matter how ably executed, is never viewed by the public with that feeling of interest, and admiration, which the work of one brain solely invariably elicits. The dramas of Beaumont and Fletcher are thought nothing of beside these of Congreve, Jonson, Rowe, or Massinger.

* Moore, as appears from his Diary (vol. vi. p. 294,) was put on one of the committees for promoting these objects. "A statement of the amount of property left by him, how disposed of, and how incumbered, was laid before us."

Their plays are, I conceive, superior to those of the last mentioned dramatists; but a vast segment of the public, nevertheless, attach comparatively small importance to them. The plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, although excellent in their way, are never acted; they are generally unread, and almost unknown. An edition of their works, in ten volumes, published by Sherlock, of London, lies before me. "Considering," writes the editor,* "the acknowledged excellence of our authors, loudly acknowledged by the most eminent of their contemporaries and successors, it appears wonderful that in the space of one hundred and fifty years which have elapsed since the death of these poets, no more than three complete editions of their works have been published. . . . . To what causes are we to attribute this amazing disparity between the reputation of the writers, and the public demand for their productions? . . . . Their plays, we will be bold to say, have the same excellencies, as well as the same defects, each perhaps in an inferior degree, with the dramas of their great master, Shakspeare. . . . . In comedy, the critics of their own days, and those immediately succeeding, gave Beaumont and Fletcher the preference to Shakspeare. . . . . Some of their plays are so much in his manner that they can scarcely be distinguished to be the work of another hand."

Pope, in his edition of Shakspeare, is of opinion that Beaumont and Fletcher's "Two Noble Kinsmen" is really the work of the great dramatist.

The public indifference to their fame and works is still further illustrated. "It is really surprizing," says Mr. Simpson, in the edition of 1750, "that all we know of two such illustrious authors is that—we know nothing. The editor of their works, in 1711, gives an 'Account of their Lives,' &c., but he greatly miscalls it, for that they were born in such a year, and died in such a one, is all he has given us of their history and actions."

No matter what Shakspeare may have said to the contrary, there is, certainly, something, and a great deal, in a name. Although for years not publicly avowed, the world assumed the "Waverley Novels" to be solely the offspring of Sir Walter Scott's brain; and read and admired them to

* George Colman, as we are informed by "the History of the English Stage," vol. vi. p. 39.

an extent which, unquestionably, would not have been the case had the impression of their being a joint concern existed in the public mind.*

It was, of course, Mr. Lockhart's business, in the discharge of his duty, as Scott's "Literary Executor," unflinchingly to represent him, and act precisely as Sir W. Scott would have acted. If Scott did not think well of publicly avowing, previous to the fatal break-up of his intellect, what I and others have no doubt took place, it was Mr. Lockhart's duty to follow the same stern course. If Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott, previous to their demise, chose to refrain from making public the secret of their co-operation, it will, probably, be conceived the duty of whoever represents them to pursue the same course now.

Scott's whole life was a life of mystery. A secret was, I verily believe, in some degree, necessary to his existence. "The practice of mystery," observes Mr. Lockhart, at the close of his work, "is, perhaps, of all practices the one most likely to grow into a habit—*Secret breeds secret!*" Some, of which the world know nothing, may have perished in the collapse of his great mind.

* The "Waverley Novels" proved a source of unprecedented profit. Writing to John Ballantyne, the printer, Sir Walter, in August, 1817, says: "I am afraid the public will take me up for coining. Indeed, these Novels, while their attractions last, are something like it." In a letter to Captain Ferguson (Jan. 15, 1819), Scott observes; "Constable has offered me £10,000 for the copyrights of published works, which have already produced more than twice that sum. I hold out for £12,000." Mr. Lockhart mentions (p. 367), that the average profit from the Novels had been for several years not less than £10,000. "In 1821," observes Mr. Lockhart (p. 469), he "reckoned on clearing £33,000 on the Novels within two years."

APPENDIX.

SIR WILLIAM GELL AND MR. LOCKHART.

(*See Introduction*, p. 4.)

[The letters from which the following sentences are extracted appear in Dr. Madden's Life of Lady Blessington.]

Sir William Gell, in a letter to Lady Blessington, dated Naples, April 4th, 1833, writes:—"Miss Scott wrote to me, by the desire of Mr. Lockhart, to beg I would send him my reminiscences of Sir Walter, because I was 'the last of his friends.' I had generally the care of him while in Italy." (Sir William filled fifty pages of MS.) "It contains," he continued, "even to a certain degree, information as to his future literary projects, which could not have been recorded, I believe, by any other means."

Seven months afterwards (Nov. 19, 1833) Sir William writes:—"I observed to you that my life of Sir Walter Scott in Italy was very entertaining in its way, and I sent it to Mr. L., by Mr. Hamilton. He has never, however, thanked me for it, nor even acknowledged the receipt of it, nor sent me Sir Walter's works, which he ordered for me with almost the last sentence he uttered that was intelligible, and if it does not appear in the work it will be really worth publishing, and I shall send it to you."

Two months later (January 22, 1834) Sir William Gell writes:—"As to Mr. Lockhart, I much fear that he is not good for much, and I am certain he got the work, for I sent it to Mr. W. Hamilton, who gave it with a request that he would not omit a word of it in printing. There are no remarks, except such as tend to explain away, and render less ridiculous, the total want of classical taste and knowledge of the hero, in a situation full of classical recollections, and which I have added that I might not seem insensible to his real merits. They were written for the family, and, therefore, nothing offensive could have been inserted. . . . I think it scarcely possible that any of those most attached to him could be displeased at my manner of representing him; and, at all events, I have repeated what he said, and related what he did in Italy, in a way that satisfied every one here, who was a witness of his sayings and doings. However, I shall send the copy to you, and if the life is published by the said Lockhart, without use of my papers, the best way will be to sell it to the bookseller, and to let it come

before the public. I will prefix Miss Scott's request that I would write it." Five months later (June 2, 1834) Sir William goes on to say:—"You have had a great deal of trouble in fishing for a decent escape from the business of Mr. L., and I thank you for it. I do not wish to do anything disagreeable to the wishes of the family, but *I think it very ill-judged of them not to place everything in its true light.*" Sir William concludes the subject with an allusion to "that want of candour which spoils the book without hiding the truth." A portion of Sir William Gell's "Life of Sir Walter Scott in Italy," was subsequently inserted by Mr. Lockhart, under the title of "Memoranda."

REFUTATION OF MR. LOCKHART'S MISREPRESENTATIONS IN THE LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, BY THE SON AND EXECUTORS OF JAMES BALLANTYNE. EDINBURGH, 1837.

(*See Introduction*, p. 7.)

This pamphlet has become very scarce. Its arguments ought not to be forgotten, and for this reason, coupled with the fact, that we have frequently seen it stated in biographical sketches, that Scott was ruined by his connexion with the Ballantynes, we revive a few of the more respectable opinions of the Press on the case. *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal* said:—"Mr. Ballantyne's friends triumphantly vindicate his fair fame, and show that, so far from his being in any degree the cause of the ruin of Scott, the latter was the cause of *his* ruin." *The Literary Gazette* said:—"Warmly and powerfully vindicated." *The Naval and Military Gazette* said:—"The letters written by Lockhart to Ballantyne on his death bed, full of professions of the warmest gratitude, and most cordial attachment, afford a lamentable specimen of the hollowness of the world." The *Spectator* said:—"It disproves the statements of Lockhart, by the production of counter-evidence, leaving the biographer in no very enviable plight. It shows Scott more rash and reckless in his miserable object of founding a family estate, and more selfish in his pursuit of it, than he appeared even in his son-in-law's narrative." *The Times* said:—"Goes far to unsettle Mr. Lockhart's conclusion." *The Morning Chronicle* said:—"Lockhart has been led to do great injustice to the Messrs. Ballantyne." The *Sun* said:—"There are few who, before reading this plain, straightforward statement of facts, could persuade themselves that the son-in-law of Scott could misrepresent, as he is proved to have done, the character and conduct of two excellent persons, who were the victims of the aristocratical ambition of his illustrious relative." The *Edinburgh Chronicle* said:—"Will ever afterwards divest Lockhart's word of any authority." The *Eclectic Review* said:—"If Mr. Lockhart be the man we take him to be, he will make prompt and full reparation for the injustice he has committed."

This able pamphlet appeared in August, 1838. Not till March 8, 1839, did Mr. Lockhart appear before the public with a reply. So far from making the *amende honorable*, it showered forth renewed vituperation, descending frequently to the most undignified personality. Speaking of John Ballantyne, who was originally in the tailoring trade, he said:—"I have been told that Rigdum was considered as rather an expert snip among the Brummels and D'Orsays of Kelso." His answer extended to 122 pages. "Bad as it is," replied Messrs. Ballantynes' executors, in a second pamphlet, "we are aware that it does not contain a tithe of the scurrility, which it originally possessed when it dropped from the pen of the author; and we have no doubt that we are indebted for the pruning it received, to the good-humoured counsel by whom the proof sheets were revised." From all this, it is evident, that implicit confidence ought not to be reposed in every statement made by Mr. Lockhart in his Life of Sir Walter Scott.

THE IMPRESSION PRODUCED BY THE ORIGINAL LETTER IN "NOTES AND QUERIES."

(*See* p. 18.)

Since the foregoing sheets passed through the press, No. LXIII. of *Willis's Current Notes* has appeared. It contains five columns exclusively devoted to Sir Walter Scott, of which three are the professed property of James Maidment, Esq., an old personal friend of Sir Walter, and, like him, a Clerk of Session in Edinburgh. His letter is dated March 8, 1856. Its text is the original short communication to *Notes and Queries*, *ante*, page 13. When I contrast that comparatively meagre document, with the mass of evidence which has been since adduced, I almost wonder at the impression produced by it on such minds as Messrs. Maidment's, Markham's, and Ballantyne's. The fact, however, is a significant one. Five months have elapsed since the question was first raised in *Notes and Queries;* it is four since the editor brought it to a premature close. The general reading public considered the subject dead and buried, and accordingly forgot it. Not so the thinking class. It fermented, and still ferments, uneasily in their minds; and even those old personal friends of Scott, who affect to scoff, know not in reality what to think. Professing to contemn, they confess their own uneasiness and perplexity, by periodically reviving the subject, and volunteering laboured "rebutting cases," long after the editor of *Notes and Queries* had closed its columns against any further agitation of the question. On January 5, the *Athenæum* said, that my "speculations *may be said* to have died out where they arose." I allowed the public to imagine that the subject was dead. I silently accumulated

my points, and watched the curious indications of uneasiness which, during the interval, emanated from the reflective class. Several letters appeared in the public journals. It is not my intention now to notice any but Mr. Maidment's. It is entitled to attention; he possessed the friendship and confidence of Sir Walter Scott. He fills an onerous public office, and is, I understand, much respected in Edinburgh. He urges his arguments temperately, and furnishes some new information.

Mr. Maidment assumes more than I desire to prove. "What is said?" he inquires. "Why, that Thomas Scott wrote the whole or the best part of the novels prior to 'Rob Roy;' and that in particular he was the author of 'The Antiquary.' What is the proof of this wondrous statement? An alleged letter in the *Quebec Herald* of July, 1820. It has the date of December, but no year." I forwarded the original letter to *Notes and Queries*. The year was 1818, as I can prove to Mr. Maidment, by a duplicate in my possession. Mr. Maidment attaches more importance to the year than, I think, is called for. Further on, he asks, "What is the date—that is to say, the year in which it was written? Where," continues Mr. Maidment, "is the alleged manuscript of 'The Antiquary,' in Thomas Scott's autograph?" If it was considered judicious to keep secret Mr. and Mrs. Scott's presumed co-operation so far, it is not likely that any manuscripts in their autograph would be preserved—or if preserved, that the public would obtain access to them.

Mr. Maidment, in the course of his letter, assumes that Thomas Scott did make the declaration in question, and he asks, "Was it done seriously, or in jest? Was it over his cups, or was anybody else present?" A man over his cups is more likely to disclose truth unguardedly than to invent ingenious tales. "Like the late excellent Peter Robertson," proceeds Mr. Maidment, "he could not resist a joke; and to mystify a Yankee, could there be a greater treat? Sir Walter, at the dinner at which the secret of his authorship was made known, desired Robertson to announce himself as the murderer of Begbie." Mr. Maidment here alludes to "*the assurance to Lord Meadowbank*, on Feb. 23, 1827," revived by Mr. Ballantyne, *ante*, p. 24. Requesting an "excellent" man, in the same breath, to confess the guilt of murder (as we are reminded by Mr. Maidment), throws an air of waggery on the literary confession, which had never struck me until Mr. Maidment casually called my attention to it.

Mr. Maidment relates an interesting fact, not previously known, respecting the literary assistance given to Scott by Erskine. I will transcribe it, were it only to render still more absurd the observation revived by Mr. Shilletto (*ante*, p. 25), that Scott was the "unaided" and "unassisted" author of all the Waverley Novels:—"Before leaving 'The Antiquary,' I may mention a circumstance

connected with its publication, which might give rise to another claimant for its authorship. The late Lord Kennedder, then William Erskine, was frequently employed by the legal house where I was acquiring professional knowledge. Upon one occasion, a clerk called upon him late in the day with papers. Erskine was at dinner, and as there was something to communicate verbally, the young man was shown into the office. Some time elapsed, and the youth getting weary, he looked about him, and beheld, to his astonishment, two or three sheets of the novel, then advertised for publication, corrected in the well-known hand of Erskine. Upon returning to the office, he mentioned what he had seen, and never doubted that 'The Antiquary' was the veritable production of the learned lawyer. Suppose, after the lapse of years, a letter had been found bearing date, signature, and address, detailing all this, would it not have been better evidence of Erskine's authorship than allegations, founded on an unsigned, undated, and unaddressed paper, said to have turned up in America." Mr. Maidment proceeds:—"The original MSS. of *most* of the novels in Scott's autograph are still extant. The MS. of Waverley, not quite perfect, is, by the donation of James Hall, Esq., in the library of the Faculty of Advocates." (*Vide* p. 18 of this pamphlet.)

"The sources from whence he derived his stories are candidly disclosed. *That his brother gave his assistance in the same way that Train and others did, we have from his own pen;* but furnishing materials for a pudding is one thing, making it another." Mr. Maidment must confound some admission made by Scott in the course of casual conversation with the Explanatory Introductions of 1829. There is no passage in any of Scott's writings, that I am acquainted with, which acknowledges having received from Thomas even "materials for the pudding."

DENIAL OF AUTHORSHIP—THE REVIEW IN THE QUARTERLY.

(*See* p. 30.)

There is an autograph letter of Sir W. Scott's preserved in the MS. Library of Trinity College, Dublin, in which he distinctly assures his correspondent, Mr. C. G. Gavelin, that he had nothing whatever to do with the revision or publication of the second edition of Swift. Dr. Wilde, in the second edition of his able and valued "Closing Years of Swift's Life," makes reference (p. 78) to this extraordinary letter. It had not turned up when Mr. Lockhart introduced the following passage into the 60th Chapter of his "Memoirs of Scott." Mr. Lockhart had at this period (1824) been a member of Sir Walter's family for four years, and spoke from personal knowledge. Thomas Scott had died the preceding year. "This year—*mirabile dictu!*" writes Mr. Lockhart, "produced but one

novel* . . . He had, however, a labour of some weight to go through in preparing for the press a second edition of his voluminous Swift. The additions to this reprint were numerous, and he corrected his Notes, and his Life of the Dean throughout, with considerable care."

The *Quarterly* critique occupies fifty pages, commencing at p. 430, and terminating at p. 480. Scott's letter to Murray is dated Dec. 16. As the review was required for the January number, great haste was necessary in preparing it. As might have been expected, some blunders crept in. Sir Walter quoted too long paragraphs (pp. 439–441), relative to the gypsy tribes, from "a new periodical called the *Edinburgh Magazine*." Not until the April following did *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* appear. The article on gypsies occupied a prominent position. It was written by Scott.

ONE OF THE NEWSPAPER CRITICISMS ON MR. FRENCH'S PAMPHLET.

(*Ante*, p. 60.)

"Mr. French has issued a pamphlet for the purpose of demolishing Sir Walter Scott. He produces passages from two tales, the one published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1744, and the other in 1743, under the title of 'Memoirs of an Unfortunate Young Nobleman,' which he prints in parallel columns, with extracts from 'Guy Mannering,' for the purpose of showing that Sir Walter cribbed the 'Plot.' Mr. French must be a remarkably dull man, not to know that the whole world is fully aware of all that he here tells us. Scott, in an advertisement to the collected editions of the Waverley Novels, refers himself to the various sources from which he drew the 'Plots,' not only of this, but of all the other Novels; and it would not be difficult to point out to this Bolton Sage much more prolific fields of investigation in the same line.† Mr. French reveals how, although he communicated his *discovery* of the 'Guy Manner-

* Mr. Lockhart might well exclaim, "*Mirabile dictu!*" See foot note to p. 72.

† This criticism affords a good specimen of the absurdly unfair tone, which not only pervades the above article, but in all probability *will* pervade most of the reviews of the present pamphlet. I transcribe the first sentence of Mr. French's introduction:—"In an advertisement to the collected edition of the Waverley Novels (p. iii.), Sir Walter Scott states that 'he proposes to publish, on this occasion, the various legends, family traditions, or obscure historical facts, which have formed the groundwork of these Novels,' and in the General Preface (p. xxxviii.) he adds, 'I have done all that I can do to explain the nature of my materials, and the use I have made of them.' It is the purpose of the following pages to show that this eminent author failed to fulfil the voluntary promise of the advertisement."

ing' Plot* to Mr. Lockhart in 1837, the son-in-law of the author of 'Waverley' did not think it proper to introduce the exposure into any of the subsequent editions of the 'Life of Scott.' The inference the blockhead draws evidently being, that Lockhart was afraid of his father-in-law's fair fame. . . . We have rarely read anything more calculated to raise one's bile, than this insufferably cool and impudent production of Mr. French's, but it were useless to chastise a donkey who will remain obstinate to the last. . . . . One does feel an inclination to visit Bolton, for the express purpose of applying a cudgel to the back of this obtuse and conceited Laird of Thornydykes."

COINCIDENT NAMES.

(*Ante*, pp. 44, 46.)

Sir Galbraith Cole, of the 70th, was a brother of Willoughby, Earl of Enniskillen, who married, in 1805, Lady Charlotte Paget. The Lady Paget, and the Lord Willoughby, will both be remembered in "Kenilworth."

After having written the note (*ante*, p. 46), relative to certain coincident names in "Nigel," a list of some officers of the 104th Foot, who were placed upon half-pay in 1817, fell, accidentally, under my observation. At the first glance I noticed three names introduced in "Nigel," and I made a note to ascertain whether the 104th Foot had ever been quartered in Upper Canada.

The number of the Portfolio (*ante*, p. 50) for October, 1816, opens with an article entitled, "British Regular Troops in Upper Canada, July 13, 1814." By it we find that, at Kingston (the very Canadian arsenal where Mr. and Mrs. Scott remained for three years), the Canadian Fencibles, and 104th Regiment of Foot, were also quartered. Colonel *George Heriot* (*ante*, p. 46) belonged to the former, Lieutenant Gabriel Tunstall, and Ensigns Roberts and Armstrong to the latter. Tunstall will be remembered as Ramsay's apprentice; Roberts as George Heriot's cash-keeper; and Armstrong as the court jester in "Nigel." The Philadelphian Magazine men-

* Here is another specimen of the critic's unfairness. He sneers at Mr. French for imagining that he made any "*discovery*," relative to the Plot,—that in fact everybody knew what Mr. French considered he had discovered; but in the same introduction to which I have already referred, a very conclusive letter appears from the best possible authority, confronting the critic's flippancies:— "*Milton Lockhart, Lanark, July* 14, 1837.—Sir, I have this morning received your very curious communication about the origin of the Plot of 'Guy Mannering,' and regret much that it did not reach me while engaged on the second volume of my 'Memoirs of Scott.' Should that volume be reprinted, I shall avail myself of your valuable paper, and the authorities to which you refer, and I am led to believe, that I shall have the opportunity at no great distance of time. Meanwhile accept my best thanks for your courteous and liberal attention, and believe me to be your very obedient and much obliged servant,—J. G. Lockhart."

tioned, among much interesting data of the recent war, that the entire British military force in Upper Canada, on July 13, 1814, consisted of the 8th, 41st, 100th, 1st Royals, Royal Artillery, 103rd, Glengarys, the Canadian Fencibles, 104th and 89th Regiments. These were distributed at Forts Niagara, George, and Eri, at Kingston, Prescott, and Burlington Heights.

In the autumn of 1814, the English and United States armies had some hot encounters. The former was reinforced, between July 1st and September 15, with the following British regiments—6th, 82nd, 97th, 90th, 37th, 16th, 26th, and 57th. Like Thomas Scott's regiment, they remained in Upper Canada for several years after. They changed constantly, and the 70th was brought into frequent intercourse with them.

Before I proceed to examine the officers' names in detail, I may observe, as relevant to the above remarks respecting "Nigel," that Lieutenant Mansell was in the 82nd, Lieutenant Vincent in the 89th, and Windsor Stewart, and Lieutenants Duke and Black, in the 6th Grenadiers. Mansell is Lieutenant of the Tower in "Nigel;" Vincent, the fellow-apprentice of Tunstall, in "Nigel;" Windsor, the friend of George Heriot, the King's Goldsmith, in "Nigel;" Duke Hildebrod,* of the Alsatian Club, in "Nigel;" and Lady Blackchester, the sister of Lord Dalgarno, in the same novel. Captain Ramsay, a distinguished officer in the United States army, figured in the Canadian campaign of 1814. Ramsey is the old watchmaker, at Temple-bar, in "Nigel," to whom Vincent and Tunstall were apprenticed.

In looking over the Army List of the day, I noted the following additional coincidences of name, which may amuse the curious in such matters. Some of them are well worth attention. They were manifestly borrowed in Upper Canada, and nowhere else.

Scott, in his Introduction to "Guy Mannering," says that "he looked about for a name and a subject," and from this observation we may infer that such was his invariable habit when commencing a fictitious narrative. The practice is, I believe, usual among authors.

Had I leisure minutely to analyse the subject, the following tabular statement would, doubtless, be much more startling; but probably enough is here given to show that it must have have been in Canada (which Sir Walter Scott never visited) that some person, intimately concerned in the production of the Waverley Novels, mainly "looked about for names":—

* Sir Hildebrand Oakes was full colonel of the Royal Artillery, large detachments of which were stationed in Upper Canada at this period. Sir Hildebrand in "Rob Roy" is not to be forgotten. Pritchard and Cleaveland, were captains under him. Captain Pritchard, "Guy Mannering;" Captain Cleaveland, "Pirate."

82*nd Regiment of Foot, or Prince of Wales' Volunteers.*

Captain Hutcheson,	Hutcheon, "Redgauntlet" and "Monastery."
Lieutenant Wm. Lampheir,	Will Lamplugh, Smuggler, "Redgauntlet."
Captain Irwin,	H. Irwin, Clara Mowbray's Confidante, "St. Ronan's Well."
Lieutenant Pennefeather,	Lady Penfeather, the Lady Patroness at the Spa, "St. Ronan's Well."
Lieutenant Potts,	Mr. and Mrs. Pott, Librarians at the Spa, "St. Ronan's Well."
Quartermaster Gow,	Neil Gow, the Fiddler, "St. Ronan's Well."
Lieutenant Mansell,	Mansell, Lieutenant of the Tower of London, "Nigel."
Lieutenant Elliott,	Halbert Elliott, &c., &c., "Black Dwarf."
Lieutenant Crabtree,	Crabtree (at Fairport), "Antiquary."
Lieutenant Fennell,	Fenella, Lady Derby's Attendant, "Peveril."
Ensign Hodgson,	Hodgeson, a Puritan, "Peveril of the Peak."
Paymaster W. Wetherall,	Wetheral, in Fitzurse's Troop, "Ivanhoe."
Surgeon Butler Kell,	Wm. Butler, Military Chaplain at Madras, "Surgeon's Daughter."

103*rd Regiment of Foot.*

Captain Guy Carleton Colclough,	Colonel Guy Mannering, "Guy Man." Captain Carleton, "Peveril of the Peak."
Captain Griffiths,	Griffiths, Lord Derby's Steward, "Peveril of the Peak." Griffiths, Redgauntlet's Agent in London, "Redgauntlet."
Lieutenant Owen,	Owen, Latimer's Groom, "Redgauntlet." Mr. Owen, the Senior Osbaldistone's Confidential Clerk, "Rob Roy."
Lieutenant Hector Maclean,	Sir Hector Maclean, Highland Chief, "Legend of Montrose."
Lieutenant Grimshaw,	Grimsby, "Kenilworth."
Lieutenant Henderson Thompson,	Henderson, the Chaplain at Lochleven Castle, "Kenilworth."
Lieutenant Harrison,	General Harrison, "Woodstock." Harrison, Major Bellenden's Steward, "Old Mortality."
Ensign Jones,	Mrs. Jones, Lady Penfeather's Waiting Woman, "St. Ronan's Well."*
Ensign Geddes,	Joshua Geddes, the Quaker, "Redgauntlet."

The 6th, or Warwickshire Grenadiers (Peninsula, Niagara).

Lieut. Col. Archibald Campbell,	John Archibald, Argyle's attendant, "Heart of Mid-Lothian." General Campbell, "Redgauntlet."

* Sir Peregrine Maitland was Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada—Peregrine, the Traveller, in "St. Ronan's Well." Chief Justice Blower was a remarkable public character in British America thirty years ago—Mrs. Blower, the Widow at the Spa, in "St. Ronan's Well," was probably called after him. The 26th Regiment was sent to Upper Canada in 1814. Lieutenants A. Arnott and Chatterton, of that regiment, remind us of Chatterley at the Spa, in "St. Ronan's Well," and A. Arnott, the Guardsman, in "Quentin Durward."

Lieutenant Meredith,	Meredith, the Man of Wealth at the Spa, "St. Ronan's Well."
	Meredith, a Conspirator, "Redgauntlet."
Lieutenant Dutton,	Dolly Dutton, "Heart of Mid-Lothian."
Captain Ronald,	Ronaldson, the old Ranzelman, "Pirate."
Captain Stephens,	Stevens, a Messenger, "Kenilworth."
Captain Bennett,	Bennett, "Monastery."
Everest,	Everett, a Hired Witness, "Peveril."
Captain Delacher-ois Smith,	Captain Delasere, "Guy Mannering."
Lieutenant Tarleton,	Captain Carleton, an Officer of the Guards, "Peveril of the Peak."
Lieutenant Duke,	Duke Hildebrod, "Nigel."
Lieutenant Black,	Lady Blackchester, "Nigel."
Lieutenant Crawford,	Crawford, Captain of the Guard, "Quentin Durward."
Lieutenant Brock,	Breck, one of Rob Roy's Troop, "Rob Roy."
Lieutenant Ormsby,	Ormston, Sheriff's Officer, "Antiquary."
Ensign Windsor Stewart,	Rev. Mr. Windsor, Friend of George Heriot, "Nigel."
	Colonel Stewart, "Waverley."
Ensign Lee Martin,	Colonel Lee, Charles the Second's Friend, "Woodstock."
	Martin, the Verdurer, "Woodstock."
Ensign Francis,	Father Francis, "Fair Maid of Perth."
Surgeon Heriot,	George Heriot, the King's Goldsmith, "Nigel."
Surgeon Fisher,	Fisher, of Avenal Castle, "Abbot."
Assistant Surgeon Goodrich,	Rev. Mr. Goodrich, a Catholic Priest, "Surgeon's Daughter."

1*st Royals.*

[This Regiment, with others, garrisoned Fort Erie during the assault made by the United States army on August 15, 1814.]

Colonel the Marquis of Huntley,	Marquis of Huntley, in the King's Service, "Legend of Montrose."
Lieutenant-Colonel Barnes,	Barnes, "Guy Mannering."
Major Nixon,	Nixon, the Agent, "Redgauntlet."
Major Swann Hill,	Swanton, "Redgauntlet."
	Captain Hillary, "Surgeon's Daughter."
Major Colin Campbell,	"Black Colin Campbell" (General Campbell), "Redgauntlet."
	"Green Colin," or Captain Campbell, "Highland Widow."
Major Wetherall,	Wetherall, *alias* Steelheart, a Trooper, "Ivanhoe."
Captain Saville Spear,	Saville, "Peveril."
	Spears of Springhow, "Ivanhoe."
Captain Rowen,	Rowena, "Ivanhoe."
Captain John Wilson,	John Wilson, Colonel Mannering's Groom, "Guy Mannering."
	Wilson, Introduction to "Black Dwarf."
Captain Glover,	Catherine Glover, "The Fair Maid of Perth."
Captain Dods,	Meg Dods, Landlady of the Inn at St. Ronan's Old Town, "St. Ronan's Well."

Lieutenant Mainwaring,	Colonel Mannering, "Guy Mannering."
Lieutenant Hewett,	Hewet, natural son of Mr. Bertram's, "Guy Mannering."
Lieutenant Ewart,	Captain Ewart, "Redgauntlet."
Lieutenant Glen,	Glendale, a Conspirator, "Redgauntlet."
Lieutenant Weir,	Major Weir, Sir Robert Redgauntlet's favourite baboon, "Redgauntlet."
Lieutenant Jenkins,	Jenkins, one of Avenal's retainers, "Monastery."
Lieutenant Sibbald,	Sibbald, Monteith's Attendant, "Legend of Montrose."
Lieutenant Lorimer,	Lorimer, on guard at Ardenvohr Castle, "Legend of Montrose."
Lieutenant Orrock,	Orrock, a Sheriff's Officer at Fairport, "Antiquary."
Lieutenant Wardrop,	Wardlaw, of Osbaldistone Hall, "Rob Roy."
Lieutenant Gordon,	Rev. Mr. Gordon, Chaplain in Cromwell's Troop, "Woodstock."
Lieutenant Morris,*	Mr. Morris, Frank Osbaldistone's Nervous Travelling Companion, "Rob Roy."
Lieutenant Vernon Fletcher,	Diana Vernon, "Rob Roy." / Fletcher, "Pirate."
Lieutenant Vallancey,	Vallance, De Walton's Lieutenant, "Castle Dangerous."
Lieutenant Dixon,	Dixon, Vere's Servant, "Black Dwarf."
Ensign Williamson,	Willieson, Jacobite Conspirator, "Black Dwarf."
Ensign Duff,	Duff, the Idiot Boy at Ellangowan, "Guy Mannering."
Ensign Colin Campbell,	(See Major Campbell.)
Ensign Bolton,	Bolton, an English Officer, "Monastery."

The 57th, or West Middlesex.

Major Hector M'Lean,	Sir Hector M'Lean, "Legend of Montrose."
Captain MacDougall,	MacDougal, a Highland Chief, "Legend of Montrose."
Lieutenant Hartley,	Dr. Hartly, "Surgeon's Daughter."
Lieutenant Charteris,	Charteris, Provost of Perth, "Fair Maid of Perth."
Adjutant J. Leslie,	General Leslie, Parliamentary Leader, "Legend of Montrose."† / Lesley, Friend of Capt. MacIntyre, "Antiquary."
Assist. Surgeon Duncan Campbell,	Duncan Campbell, in Argyle's Army, "Legend of Montrose."

* Added to the various coincident names in "Rob Roy," which have been already cited, it may be mentioned that Major Thornton was Military Secretary to the Governor of Canada at this period. It is Captain Thornton's Regiment which encounters Helan MacGregor's army in the mountains. See, also, pp. 44–45, *ante*.

† The name of the Surgeon of the 90th was Ewing—Ewan, a Yeoman under Montrose, in the novel. Ensign Pattison, of the same Regiment—Pattison, "Heart of Mid-Lothian." Captain Dalton, of the 90th—Mrs. Dalton, the Housekeeper, "Heart of Mid-Lothian."

89*th Regiment of Foot.*

Major Clifford,	General Clifford, "Castle Dangerous."
Lieutenant Aylmer Dowdall,	Mrs. Aylmer, a Neighbour of Sir H. Lee, "Woodstock."
Lieutenant Dougan,	Dougal, "Rob Roy."
Lieutenant Vincent,	Jenkin Vincent, an Apprentice, "Nigel."
Lieutenant Cunningham,	Archie Cunningham, Guardsman, "Quentin Durward."
Lieutenant Dugald Cameron,	Capt. Dugald Dalgetty, "Leg. of Montrose."
	Serjeant Cameron, "Highland Widow."
Lieutenant Bowen,	Master Bowyer, "Kenilworth."
Lieutenant Davenport,	D'Avenant, "Woodstock."
Ensign Hazlewood,*	Sir Robert and Charles Hazlewood, "Guy Mannering."
Ensign Masters,	Dr. Masters, the Queen's Physician, "Kenilworth."
Quarter-Master Selway,	Captain Selby, "Peveril."
	Selby, a Messenger, "Redgauntlet."
Surgeon Duncan Goodsir,	Captain Duncan, "Heart of Mid-Lothian."
	Goodsire, the Weaver, "Guy Mannering."

8*th, or King's Regiment of Foot (Whitehorse, Niagara).*

Major Langton,	Langton, Jacobite Conspirator, "Black Dwarf."†
Major Melville Brown,	Major Melville, "Waverley."
	Lieutenant Brown, "Guy Mannering."
	General Brown, "Tapestried Chamber."
Captain Davies,	John Davies, "Redgauntlet."
Captain Eustace,	Eustace, Sir Reginald's Attendant, "Ivanhoe."
Lieutenant Wayland,	Wayland, the Farrier at Whitehorse,‡ "Kenilworth."
Lieut. Mortimer M'Mahon,	Mortimer, an Exiled Noble, "Talisman."
Lieutenant Williams,	Ned Williams, Cicely Jopson's Sweetheart, "Waverley."
Lieutenant Bradford,	Bradbourne, "Abbot."
Ensign Calder,	Quartermaster Calder, at Madras, "Surgeon's Daughter."
Ensign Ward,	Wardlaw, "Rob Roy."
Surgeon Douglas,	George Douglas, "Abbot."
	Lord Douglas, "Fair Maid of Perth."
Surgeon Crofton,	Mr. Croftongry, (Introduction to) "Fair Maid of Perth."
Gerard Ball,	Gerard, "Fair Maid of Perth."
	Balldie, the Quaker's Boy, "Redgauntlet."

* I think it right to state that Ensign Hazlewood had been placed on half pay previous to the appearance of "Guy Mannering."

† The number of coincident names in the "Black Dwarf" has doubtless already struck the reader. I understand that a worthy officer, named Henry Elliott, was Colonel of the 70th (Thomas Scott's) shortly prior to Colonel Sir G. Cole. We have Henry Elliott in the "Black Dwarf."

‡ This Regiment distinguished itself at the battles of *Whitehorse* and Niagara, as the Army List informs us. Whitehorse was emblazed in gold letters on its colours.

41*st Regiment of Foot.*

Lieutenant-Colonel Wood,	Woodville, Friend of General Browne, "Tapestried Chamber."
	Woodstal, a Guardsman, "Talisman."
Captain Saunders,	Saunders Saunderson (at the Baron Bradwardine's) "Waverley."
Captain Saunderson,	
Captain Cox,	Captain Coxe, one of the Masquers, "Kenilworth."
Lieutenant Stapleton,	Staples, the Head Jailer, "Kenilworth."
Lieutenant MacIntyre,	Captain MacIntyre, Nephew of Jonathan Oldbuck, "Antiquary."
Captain Denniss,	Dennisson, an Attendant, "Old Mortality."
Lieutenant Johnston,	Johnstone, "Guy Mannering."
Lieutenant Greg. Gardiner,	Gregson, a Messenger, "Redgauntlet."
	Gardiner, Miss Arthuret's Porter, "Redgauntlet."
	Colonel Gardiner, "Waverley."
Ensign Ashe,	Colonel Ashton, "Bride of Lammermoor."
Ensign Berenger,	Berenger, a Norman Warrior, "Betrothed."

104*th Regiment of Foot.*

[Quartered in the same Fort as the 70th.]

Lieutenant Stewart,	Colonel Stewart, Governor of Doune Castle, "Waverley."
Lieutenant Macleuchlan,	Mrs. Macleuchar, book-keeper at the coach office, "Antiquary."
Lieutenant Gray,	Dr. Gray, Physician at Middlemas, "Surgeon's Daughter."
Lieutenant Jobling,	Jobson, Inglewood's clerk, "Rob Roy."
Lieutenant Jarvis,	Baillie Nicoll Jarvie, "Rob Roy." [Colonel *Nicoll* commanded Thomas Scott's Regiment until 1813.]
Lieutenant Campbell,	Captain Campbell, "Highland Widow," and "Redgauntlet."
Lieutenant Pigot,	Pigal, the Dancing Master, "Peveril."
Lieutenant Lindsay,	Lindsay, a Guardsman, "Quentin Durward."
Lieutenant Crossgrove,	Mr. Crossloof, the lawyer, "Heart of Mid-Lothian."
Lieutenant Pears,	Captain Pearson, in Cromwell's army, "Woodstock."
Lieutenant Tunstall,	Tunstall, Ramsay's Apprentice, "Nigel."
Lieutenant Playfair,	Beaujou, (fair-play?) Keeper of the Gambling table, "Nigel."
	Playdell, Sheriff at Ellangowan, "Guy Mannering."
Ensign Roberts,	Master Roberts, Heriot's Cash-keeper, "Nigel."
Ensign Armstrong,	Armstrong, the Court Jester, "Nigel."
Ensign Simpson,	Jean Simpson, of Middlemas, "Surgeon's Daughter."
	Tam Simpson, the Barber, "Redgauntlet."
Chaplain, Rev. Mr. Fletcher,	Fletcher, one of the Pirates, "Pirate."
Surgeon, Dr. Harrison,	Harrison, the Steward, "Old Mortality."
	General Harrison, "Woodstock."

The 37th or North Hampshire.

Captain Richard Graham,	Cornet Richard Graham, "Old Mortality."
Captain Goldie,	Goldiebird, a Creditor of Sir A. Wardour, "Antiquary."
Ensign G. Gosslin,	G. Gossling, Landlord of the Black Bear, "Kenilworth."
Lietenant Lane,	Lane-ham, of the Council Chamber, "Kenilworth."
Adjutant Lang,	Langcale, in the Covenanter's army, "Old Mortality."
Lieutenant Griffin,	Griffin, the Landlord, "Fair Maid of Perth."
Lieutenant Fleming,	Rev. Mr. Fleming, Meg Murdockson's confessor, "Heart of Mid-Lothian."

The officers of the other regiments, stationed in Upper Canada at this period, are all more or less striking in the similarity of their names with those worked up in the Waverley Novels. For instance, in the 97th there are two Ensigns, one named Butler, the Christian name of the other Reuben. Who can forget Reuben Butler, the Presbyterian Minister, married to Jeanie Deans? One of the Captains of the 97th was T. Paterson—Pate Paterson in the "Pirate." Another Captain's name was Monk—General Monk in "Woodstock." For Lieutenant Gibson, we have Janet Gibson in "Guy Mannering;" and the uncommon name of Ephraim, belonging to another Lieutenant, is given to one of Cromwell's soldiers in "Woodstock." Lieutenant Crampton, also attached to the 97th, is transferred to the novel of "Rob Roy," as Corporal Cramp.

In the 16th Regiment, there is Major Berkely and Lieutenant John Walton. John De Walton is the Governor of Douglass Castle, in "Castle Dangerous;" Lady Berkely in the same novel, after her disguise as the ministrel's son, marries De Walton. Lieutenants Shafts and Dalzell belong to the same Regiment. We have General Dalzell, of the Royal Army, in "Old Mortality;" and Shafton, imprisoned with Sir Hildebrand, in "Rob Roy."

The 19th Light Dragoons were also "out" from 1812. For Cornet Talbot, we have Colonel Talbot in "Waverley." Thomas Talbot was a member of the Legislative Council of Upper Canada. For Paymaster Wm. Neville, we have Major Neville, in the "Antiquary"—the name assumed by William Lord Geraldine. H. Skelton, J. Wakefield, and Sir Rowley Eustace, were captains. We have Rowley, one of Avenal's retainers, in the "Monastery," and Prior Eustace, also in the "Monastery." Wakefield will be remembered in the "Two Drovers," and Skelton in "Redgauntlet."

The *Portfolio*, the Philadelphian magazine already referred to, circulated extensively in North America, and was sufficiently well conducted to merit, in Tom Moore's estimation, a place in his library. Upon glancing over its six volumes, I see many articles and poems signed "Eliza," which may possibly have come from the pen of Mrs.

Scott. The "Scotch Novels" appear regularly and carefully reviewed. The review of "Waverley" was forwarded in the form of a letter to the editor. That gentleman introduced it, with a few animadversive observations on the careless style of composition which the novel presented, and disagreed with his correspondent in the remark, "a novel attributed to Mr. Scott must have already been in the hands of every one." The editor supported that Walter Scott could never have thrown off such clumsy composition. The letter in the *Quebec Herald* (*ante*, p. 14) asserted, on apparent authority, that the character of Flora MacIvor was supplied by Mrs. Scott. The reviewer in the *Portfolio* declared, that the English characters, introduced in "Waverley," were by no means as happily portrayed. "Feargus and Flora," wrote the critic, "are, after all, the principal characters who command a passionate and continued interest." This reviewal must, I think, have been written by some person in the secret of "Waverley." At p. 327 it says:—"We cannot give the author higher praise than that of successfully imitating what he proposed as his model—the delineations of Miss Edgeworth, that peculiar portrayer of Irish characteristics." I do not recollect having seen it stated in any of Scott's prefaces, anterior to the General Introduction of 1829, that the success of Miss Edgeworth's novels had suggested "Waverley." In that preface, however, he distinctly mentions the fact. Ballantyne, in a letter to Miss Edgeworth, published in Lockhart, and dated Nov. 11, 1814, tells the authoress that it was her novels Scott proposed to himself as his model.

While turning over the leaves of the *Portfolio*, I observed, in the Number for July, 1817, a list of some officers of the United States' army, who had figured in the Canadian campaign. Of these Captain G. M'Glassin probably suggested the uncommon name of G. Glossin in "Guy Mannering." For Captains Kean, Baillie, and Allan, we have Lieutenant O'Kean, Mrs. Bertram's former admirer, also in "Guy Mannering;" General Baillie, in the "Legend of Montrose;" and Major Allan, in "Old Mortality." Captain William Christian appears as Colonel William Christian, in "Peveril of the Peak."

There are two engravings of General Browne, and one of General Harrison, in the *Portfolio*. Both a General Browne and a General Harrison are introduced fictitiously. The striking predominance in this and the preceding tables of military characters with coincident names is, doubtless, something more than accidental.

ONEROUS OCCUPATION.

(*See* p. 55.)

When Sir Walter visited Edinburgh, his time was almost exclusively occupied with official drudgery. He filled two troublesome

offices—that of Sheriff from 1799, and Clerk of Session from 1805. Of the latter Mr. Lockhart (p. 203) writes:—"It never brought him anything but labour, and he, consequently, complained from time to time of the inroads this labour made on hours, which might otherwise have been more profitably bestowed." When, in addition to this, the easy life of pleasure at Abbotsford is taken into consideration, well might the experienced publisher, Cadell, and the practised writer, Irving, have expressed bewilderment at the "magic" with which Scott contrived to keep Ballantyne's press in play.

The two editions of Lockhart, referred to in the course of this pamphlet, are those of 1839 and 1845—the first in ten volumes, the latter in one.

ERRATA.

Page 55, last line but two, *for* first *read* just.
,, 61, last line of text, *for* predeeessors *read* predecessor.
,, 60, 14th line from top, *for* Earls of Annesley *read* Anglesey.

THE END.

AN

ACCOUNT

OF THE FIRST

EDINBURGH THEATRICAL FUND DINNER,

HELD AT EDINBURGH,

On Friday 23d February 1827;

CONTAINING

A CORRECT AND AUTHENTIC REPORT OF THE SPEECHES; WHICH INCLUDE, AMONG OTHER INTERESTING MATTER, THE FIRST PUBLIC AVOWAL, BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, OF BEING THE AUTHOR OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

EDINBURGH:

JOHN ANDERSON, JUN. 55. NORTH BRIDGE STREET;

AND SOLD BY SIMPKIN & MARSHALL, AND CHARLES TAIT, LONDON; ROBERTSON & ATKINSON, GLASGOW; AND A. BROWN & CO. ABERDEEN.

M.DCCC.XXVII.

THEATRICAL FUND DINNER,

&c.

THE EDINBURGH THEATRICAL FUND was established 2d April 1819, under the patronage of His late Royal Highness FREDERICK Duke of York, who was distinguished for his benevolent attention to charitable institutions. The Institution, however, from various circumstances which are more particularly detailed in the following pages, slumbered till the present year, when, following the plan adopted by the Directors of the London Fund, a public dinner, in aid of the Edinburgh Fund, was announced, SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart. in the Chair. The circumstance of this being the first occasion on which the Shakespeare of the present age had ever consented to preside at a public dinner, and also considerable interest being excited by the nature of the institution, a great demand for tickets immediately ensued, and the number to which it was limited, three hundred, was speedily filled up. Nearly two hundred applicants for tickets were consequently disappointed.

The dinner took place in the Assembly Rooms, Edinburgh, on Friday 23d February 1827. The evening will long be remembered and referred to as the first time on which Sir Walter Scott publicly declared himself to be the author of Waverly,—the total and undivided author of it and the other immortal Scottish Novels; and those who were present felt doubly gratified that they had been induced to attend on this remarkable occasion. The original publication of Waverley took place in 1813, so that there was a mystery cast over the authorship of these works of genius for fourteen years; and the public, all the while, speculating on various individuals being the author. Indeed, within a fortnight of this public declaration, a magazine was

published, ridiculing the very idea of Sir Walter Scott being the author, and ascribing them positively to Mr Greenfield. In Edinburgh, the well-informed never doubted regarding the author of these works, still this public avowal was not the less interesting; and, notwithstanding the native modesty and unassuming style of the Author's statement, the effect was exceedingly dramatic from the occasion, and being in the presence of three hundred gentlemen.—But to proceed to our account of the dinner:

Sir Walter Scott took the Chair, amid enthusiastic greetings, at six o'clock, supported on his right hand by the Earl of Fife, and on the left by Lord Meadowbank. On the right of the Earl of Fife were Sir John Hope of Pinkie, Bart. Admiral Adam, Robert Dundas, Esq. of Arniston, and several officers of the 7th Hussars; and on the left of the Chair sat Baron Clerk Rattray, Gilbert Innes, Esq. of Stow, James Walker, Esq. of Dalry, and several officers: Patrick Robertson, Esq. Advocate, and Sir Samuel Stirling of Glorat, Bart. Croupiers.

The cloth being removed, "Non Nobis Domine" was sung by Messrs. Thorne, Swift, Collyer, and Hartley, after which the following toasts were given from the chair:—

"The King"—all the honours.

"The Duke of Clarence and the Royal Family."

Sir Walter Scott, in proposing the next toast, which he wished to be drank in solemn silence, said it was to the memory of a regretted Prince, whom we had lately lost. Every individual would at once conjecture to whom he alluded. He had no intention to dwell on his military merits. They had been told in the senate; they had been repeated in the cottage; and whenever an Englishman was near, his name was never far distant. But it was chiefly in connection with the business of this meeting, which his late Royal Highness had condescended in a particular manner to patronize, that they were called on to drink to his memory. To that charity he had sacrificed his time, and had given up the little leisure which he had from important business. He was always ready to attend on every occasion of this kind, and it was in that view that he proposed to drink to the memory of his late Royal Highness the Duke of York.—Drank in solemn silence.

Sir Walter Scott then requested that gentlemen would fill a bumper, as full as it would hold, while he would say only a few words. He was in the habit of hearing speeches,

and he knew the feelings with which long ones were regarded. He was sure that it was perfectly unnecessary for him to enter into any vindication of the dramatic art, which they had come here to support. This, however, he considered to be the proper time, and proper occasion, for him to say a few words on that love of representation which was an innate feeling in human nature. It was the first amusement that the child had—it grew greater as he grew up; and, even in the decline of life, nothing amused so much as when a common tale is well told. The first thing a child does is to ape his schoolmaster, by flogging a chair. It was an enjoyment natural to humanity. It was implanted in our very nature, to take pleasure from such representations, at proper times, and on proper occasions.

In all ages the theatrical art had kept pace with the improvement of mankind, and with the progress of letters and the fine arts. As man has advanced from the ruder stages of society, the love of dramatic representation has increased, and all works of this nature have been improved, in character and in structure. They had only to turn their eyes to the history of ancient Greece, although he did not pretend to be very deeply versed in ancient history. Its first tragic poet commanded a body of troops at the battle of Marathon. The second and next, were men who shook Athens with their discourses, as their theatrical works shook the theatre itself. If they turned to France in the time of Louis the Fourteenth, they would find, that it was referred to by all Frenchmen as the golden age of the drama there. And England, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, began to mingle deeply and wisely in the general politics of Europe, not only not receiving laws from others, but giving laws to the world, and vindicating the rights of mankind, (cheers.) There have been various times when the dramatic art subsequently fell into disrepute. Its professors have been stigmatised; and laws have been passed against them, less dishonourable to them than to the statesmen by whom they were passed, and to the legislators by whom they were adopted. What were the times in which these laws were passed—was it not when virtue was seldom inculcated as a moral duty, that we were required to relinquish the most rational of all our amusements, when the clergy were enjoined celibacy, and when the laity were denied the right to read their Bibles? He thought that it must have been from a notion of penance that they erected the drama into an ideal place of profaneness, and the tents of sin. He did not mean to dispute, that there were many excellent per-

sons who thought differently from him, and they were entitled to assume that they were not guilty of any hypocrisy in doing so. He gave them full credit for their tender consciences in making these objections, which did not appear to him relevant; and if they were persons of worth and piety, he would crave the liberty to tell them, that the first part of their duty was charity, and that, if they did not choose to go to the Theatre, they at least could not deny that they might give away, from their superfluity, what was required for the relief of the sick, the support of the aged, and the comfort of the afflicted. These were duties enjoined by our holy religion itself. (Loud cheers.)

The performers are in a particular manner entitled to the support or regard, when in old age or distress, of those who had partaken of the amusements of those places which they render an ornament to society. Their art was of a peculiarly delicate and precarious nature. They had to serve a long apprenticeship. It was very long before even the first-rate geniuses could acquire the mechanical knowledge of the stage business. They must languish long in obscurity before they can avail themselves of their natural talents; and after that, they have but a short space of time, during which they are fortunate if they can provide the means of comfort in the decline of life. That comes late, and lasts but a short time; after which they are left dependent. Their limbs fail,—their teeth are loosened,—their voice is lost,—and they are left, after giving happiness to others, in a most disconsolate state. The public were liberal and generous to those deserving their protection. It was a sad thing to be dependent on the favour, or, he might say, in plain terms, on the caprice of the public; and this more particularly for a class of persons, of whom extreme prudence is not the character. There might be instances of opportunities being neglected; but let them tax themselves, and consider the opportunities they had neglected, and the sums of money they had wasted; let every gentleman look into his own bosom, and say whether these were circumstances which would soften his own feelings, were he to be plunged into distress. He put it to every generous bosom, —to every better feeling,—to say what consolation was it to old age to be told, that you might have made provision at a time which had been neglected—(loud cheers)—and to find it objected, that if you had pleased you might have been wealthy. He had hitherto been speaking of what, in theatrical language, was called *stars*, but they were sometimes fallen ones. There were another class of sufferers

naturally and necessarily connected with the Theatre, without whom it was impossible to go on. The sailors have a saying, every man cannot be a boatswain. If there must be persons to act Hamlet, there must also be persons to act Laertes, the King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern, otherwise a drama cannot go on. If even Garrick himself were to rise from the dead, he could not act Hamlet alone. There must be generals, colonels, commanding-officers, subalterns. But what are the private soldiers to do? Many have mistaken their own talents, and have been driven in early youth to try the stage, to which they are not competent. He would know what to say to the poet and the artist. He would say that it was foolish, and he would recommend to the poet to become a scribe, and the artist to paint sign-posts—(loud laughter)—But you could not send the player adrift, for if he cannot play Hamlet, he must play Guildenstern. Where there are many labourers, wages must be low, and no man in such a situation can decently support a wife and family, and save something off his income for old age. What is this man to do in latter life? Are you to cast him off like an old hinge, or a piece of useless machinery, which has done its work? To a person who had contributed to our amusement, this would be unkind, ungrateful, and unchristian. His wants are not of his own making, but arise from the natural sources of sickness and old age. It cannot be denied that there is one class of sufferers, to whom no imprudence can be ascribed, except on first entering on the profession. After putting his hand to the dramatic plough, he cannot draw back; but must continue at it, and toil, till death release him, or charity, by its milder assistance, steps in to render that want more tolerable.——He had little more to say, except that he sincerely hoped that the collection to-day, from the number of respectable gentlemen present, would meet the views entertained by the patrons. He hoped it would do so. They should not be disheartened. Though they could not do a great deal, they might do something. They had this consolation, that every thing they parted with from their superfluity would do some good. They would sleep the better themselves when they have been the means of giving sleep to others. It was ungrateful and unkind, that those who had sacrificed their youth to our amusement, should not receive the reward due to them, but should be reduced to hard fare in their old age. We cannot think of poor Falstaff going to bed without his cup of sack, or Macbeth fed on bones as marrowless as those of Banquo.—(Loud

cheers and laughter.)—As he believed that they were all as fond of the dramatic art as he was in his young days, he would propose that they should drink "The Theatrical Fund," with three times three.

Mr MACKAY rose on behalf of his brethren to return their thanks for the toast just drank. When he looked around on the large assembly, met for the benevolent purpose of aiding them in their intention of providing for the comfort of their aged brothers and sisters, he feared he was unable to express in proper terms his feelings. To him this was the proudest day of his life, to have the honour, at the first Theatrical Fund dinner in his native land, to address so brilliant an assemblage of the rank and talent of his native city; and inspired with confidence, he exulted and rejoiced that he was born between the Cross and Luckenbooths. (Cheers.) Many of the gentlemen present, he said, were perhaps not fully acquainted with the nature and intention of the institution, and it might not be amiss to enter into some explanation on the subject. With whomsoever the idea of a Theatrical Fund might have originated, (and it had been disputed by the surviving relatives of two or three individuals), certain it was, that the first legally constituted Theatrical Fund owed its origin to one of the brightest ornaments of the profession, the late David Garrick.—That eminent actor conceived that, by a weekly subscription in the Theatre, a fund might be raised among its members, from which a portion might be given to those of his less fortunate brethren, and thus an opportunity would be offered for prudence to provide what fortune had denied—a comfortable provision for the winter of life. With the welfare of his profession, the zeal with which he laboured to uphold its respectability, and to impress upon the minds of his brethren not only the necessity, but blessing of independence, the Fund became his peculiar care.—He drew up a form of laws for its government, procured, at his own expense, the passing of an Act of Parliament for its confirmation, bequeathed to it a handsome legacy, and thus became the Father of the Drury Lane Fund. So constant was his attachment to this infant establishment, that he chose to grace the close of the brightest theatrical life on record, by the last display of his transcendent talent on the occasion of a benefit for this child of his adoption, which ever since has gone by the name of the Garrick Fund. In imitation of his noble example, Funds had been established in several provincial theatres in England; but it remained for Mrs Henry Sid-

dons and William Murray to become the founders of the first Theatrical Fund in Scotland—(cheers.) This Fund commenced under the most favourable auspices; it was liberally supported by the management, and highly patronized by the public. Notwithstanding, it fell short in the accomplishment of its intentions. What those intentions were, he (Mr Mackay) need not recapitulate, but they failed; and he did not hesitate to confess that a want of energy on the part of the performers was the probable cause. A new set of Rules and Regulations were lately drawn up, submitted to and approved of at a general meeting of the members of the Theatre; and accordingly the Fund was re-modelled on the 1st of January last. And here he thought he did but echo the feelings of his brethren, by publicly acknowledging the obligations they were under to the management, for the aid given, and the warm interest they had all along taken in the welfare of the Fund.—(Cheers.) The nature and object of the Profession had been so well treated of by the President, that he would say nothing;—but of the numerous offspring of science and genius that court precarious fame, the Actor boasts the slenderest claim of all;—the sport of fortune, the creatures of fashion, and the victims of caprice,—they are seen, heard, and admired, but to be forgot—they leave no trace, no memorial of their existence—they "come like shadows, so depart."—(Cheers)—Yet, humble though their pretensions be, there was no profession, trade, or calling, where such a combination of requisites, mental and bodily, were indispensable. In all others the principal may practise after he has been visited by the afflicting hand of Providence—some by the loss of limb—some of voice—and many, when the faculty of the mind is on the wane, may be assisted by dutiful children, or devoted servants. Not so the Actor—he must retain all he ever did possess, or sink dejected to a mournful home.—(Applause.)—Yet while they are toiling for ephemeral theatric fame, how very few ever possess the means of hoarding in their youth that which would give bread in old age! But now a brighter prospect dawned upon them, and to the success of this their infant establishment they looked with hope, as to a comfortable and peaceful home in their declining years. Such being the real—such the laudable and benevolent intention, every lover of the drama must be anxious for its success.—(Cheers.)—When he beheld so many present, and the warm interest displayed on this occasion, it augured most favourably for its ultimate prosperity, and left no room to doubt,

that with proper management and attention, and a continuation of support from the public, it would fully answer the end proposed. He had, he was afraid, trespassed too long on the time of the meeting, and thanked them for the attention they had paid to him. He concluded by tendering to the meeting, in the name of his brethren and sisters, their unfeigned thanks for their liberal support, and begged to propose the health of the Patrons of the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund.—(Cheers).

Lord MEADOWBANK begged to return the thanks of the patrons for the honour now conferred on them. He could bear testimony to the anxiety which they all felt for the interests of the institution, which it was this day's meeting to establish. For himself, he was quite surprised to find his humble name associated with so many others more distinguished, as a patron of that institution. But he then happened to hold a high and important public station in the country. It was matter of regret that he had so little the means in his power of being of service. But it would afford him at all times the greatest pleasure to give assistance. As a testimony of the feelings with which he now rose, he begged to propose a health, which he was sure, in an assembly of Scotsmen, would be received, not with an ordinary feeling of delight, but with rapture and enthusiasm. He knew that it would be painful to his feelings if he were to speak to him in the terms which his heart prompted; and that he had sheltered himself under his native modesty from the applause which he deserved. But it was gratifying at last to know that these clouds were now dispelled, and that the Great Unknown—the mighty magician —(here the room literally rung with applauses, which were continued for some minutes)—the minstrel of our country, who had conjured up, not the phantoms of departed ages, but realities, now stands revealed before the eyes and affections of his country. In his presence it would ill become him, as it would be displeasing to that distinguished person, to say, if he were able, what every man must feel, who recollects the enjoyment he has had from the great efforts of his mind and genius. It has been left for him, by his writings, to give his country an imperishable name. He had done more for his country, by illuminating its annals, by illustrating the deeds of its warriors and statesmen, than any man that ever existed, or was produced, within its territory. He has opened up the peculiar beauties of this country to the eyes of foreigners. He has exhibited the deeds of those patriots and statesmen to whom we owe the freedom we now enjoy. He would give the

health of Sir Walter Scott, which was drank with enthusiastic cheering.

Sir Walter Scott certainly did not think that, in coming here to-day, he would have the task of acknowledging, before 300 gentlemen, a secret which, considering that it was communicated to more than 20 people, was remarkably well kept. He was now before the bar of his country, and might be understood to be on trial before Lord Meadowbank as an offender; yet he was sure that every impartial jury would bring in a verdict of Not Proven. He did not now think it necessary to enter into the reasons of his long silence. A variety of reasons had led to the concealment; perhaps caprice had the greatest share in it. He had now to say, however, that the merits of these works, if they had any, and their faults, were entirely imputable to himself. (*Long and loud cheering.*) He was afraid to think on what he had done. "Look on't again I dare not." He had thus far unbosomed himself, but as this would go to the public, he wished to speak seriously; and when he said that he was the author, he meant that *he was the total and undivided author.* With the exception of quotations, there was not a single word that was not derived from himself, or suggested in the course of his reading. The wand was now broken, and the rod buried. You will allow me further to say, with Prospero, "your breath has filled my sails;" and to crave one single toast in the capacity of the author of these novels; and he would dedicate a bumper to the health of one who has represented some of those characters, of which he had endeavoured to give the skeleton, with a degree of liveliness which rendered him grateful. He would propose the health of his friend Bailie Nicol Jarvie, (loud applause) —and he was sure, that when the author of Waverley and Rob Roy drinks to Nicol Jarvie, it would be received with that degree of applause to which that gentleman has always been accustomed, and that they would take care that on the present occasion it should be prodigious!—(Long and vehement applause.)

Mr Mackay, after a short pause, exclaimed, with great humour in the character of Bailie Jarvie,—"My conscience! My worthy faither the deacon could not have believed that siccan a great honour should befa' me his son —that I should hae had sic a compliment paid to me by the Great Unknown."

Sir Walter Scott—Not unknown now, Mr Bailie.

Mr Mackay.—He had been long identified with the Bailie, and he was vain of the cognomen which he had

now worn for eight years; and he questioned if any of his brethren in the Council had gi'en sic universal satisfaction to a' parties—(loud laughter and applause.)—Before he sat down, he begged to propose "The Lord Provost and the City of Edinburgh."

Bailie Bonar returned thanks.

Sir Walter Scott apologized for the absence of the Lord Provost, who was going to London on public business.

Tune—"Within a mile of Edinburgh town."

Sir Walter Scott gave, "The Duke of Wellington and the army." Glee—"How merrily we live."

"Lord Melville and the Navy, that fought till they left nobody to fight with, like an arch sportsman, who clears all, and goes after the game."

Mr Patrick Robertson.—They had heard this evening a declaration which had been received with intense delight; which will be published in every newspaper, and will be hailed with joy by all Europe. He had one toast assigned him which he had great pleasure in giving. He was sure that the stage had in all ages a great effect on the morals and manners of the people. It was very desirable that the stage should be well regulated; and there was no criterion by which its regulation could be better determined than by the moral character and personal respectability of the performers. He was not one of those stern moralists who objected to the Theatre. The most fastidious moralist could not possibly apprehend any injury from the Stage of Edinburgh, as it was presently managed, and so long as it was adorned by that illustrious individual, Mrs Henry Siddons, whose public exhibitions were not more remarkable for feminine grace and delicacy, than was her private character for every virtue which could be admired in domestic life. He would conclude with reciting a few words from Shakespeare, in a spirit not of contradiction to those stern moralists, who disliked the theatre, but of meekness:—"Good, my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? do you hear? let them be well used, for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time." He then gave Mrs Henry Siddons, and success to the Theatre-Royal of Edinburgh.

Mr Murray.—Gentlemen, I rise to return thanks for the honour you have done Mrs Siddons; in doing which, I am somewhat difficulted, from the extreme delicacy which attends a brother's expatiating upon a sister's claims to honours publicly paid—(hear, hear)—yet, Gentlemen, your kindness emboldens me to say, that were I to give utterance to all a brother's feelings, I should not exaggerate those claims—(loud applause.) I therefore, Gentlemen, thank you most

cordially for the honour you have done her, and shall now request permission to make an observation on the establishment of the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund.—Mr Mackay has done Mrs Henry Siddons and myself the honour to ascribe the establishment to us; but, no, Gentlemen, it owes its origin to a higher source—the publication of the novel of Rob Roy—the unprecedented success of the opera adapted from that popular production—(hear, hear.) It was that success which relieved the Edinburgh Theatre from its difficulties, and enabled Mrs Siddons to carry into effect the establishment of a fund she had long desired, but was prevented from effecting, from the unsettled state of her theatrical concerns. I therefore hope, that, in future years, when the aged and infirm actor derives relief from this fund, he will, in the language of the gallant Highlander, "cast his eye to good old Scotland, and not forget Rob Roy."—(Loud applause.)

Sir Walter Scott here stated, that Mrs Siddons wanted the means, but not the will, of beginning the Theatrical Fund. He then alluded to the great merits of Mr Murray's management, and of his merits as an actor, which were of the first order, and of which every person who attends the Theatre must be sensible; and after alluding to the embarrassments with which the Theatre was threatened, he concluded by giving the health of Mr Murray, which was drank with three times three.

Mr Murray.—Gentlemen, I wish I could believe that, in any degree, I merited the compliments with which it has pleased Sir Walter Scott to preface the proposal of my health, or the very flattering manner in which you have done me the honour to receive it. The approbation of such an assembly is most gratifying to me, and might encourage feelings of vanity, were not such feelings crushed by my conviction, that no man holding the situation I have so long held in Edinburgh could have failed, placed in the peculiar circumstances in which I have been placed. Gentlemen, I shall not insult your good taste by eulogiums upon your judgment or kindly feeling; though to the first I owe any improvement I have made as an actor, and certainly my success as a Manager to the second—(Applause.) When, upon the death of my dear brother, the late Mr Siddons, it was proposed that I should undertake the management of the Edinburgh Theatre, I confess I drew back, doubting my capability to free it from the load of debt and difficulty with which it was surrounded. In this state of anxiety I solicited the advice of one who had ever honoured me

with his kindest regard, and whose name no member of my profession can pronounce without feelings of the deepest respect and gratitude—I allude to the late Mr John Kemble.—(Great applause.) To him I applied; and with the repetition of his advice I shall cease to transgress upon your time—(Hear, hear.)—"My dear William, fear not, integrity and assiduity must prove an overmatch for all difficulty; and though I approve your not indulging a vain confidence in your own ability, and viewing with respectful apprehension the judgment of the audience you have to act before, yet be assured that judgment will ever be tempered by the feeling that you are acting for the widow and the fatherless." (Loud applause.) Gentlemen, those words have never passed from my mind; and I feel convinced that you have pardoned my many, many errors, from the feeling that I was striving for the widow and the fatherless. (Long and enthusiastic applause followed Mr Murray's address.)

Sir Walter Scott gave the health of the Stewards.

Mr Vandenhoff.—Mr President and Gentlemen—The honour conferred upon the Stewards, in the very flattering compliment you have just paid us, calls forth our warmest acknowledgments. In tendering you our thanks for the approbation you have been pleased to express of our humble exertions, I would beg leave to advert to the cause in which we have been engaged. Yet, surrounded as I am by the genius—the eloquence of this enlightened city, I cannot but feel the presumption which ventures to address you on so interesting a subject. Accustomed to speak in the language of others, I feel quite at a loss for terms wherein to clothe the sentiments excited by the present occasion. (Applause.) The nature of the Institution which has sought your fostering patronage, and the objects which it contemplates, have been fully explained to you. But, gentlemen, the relief which it proposes is not a gratuitous relief—but to be purchased by the individual contribution of its members toward the general good. This fund lends no encouragement to idleness or improvidence; but it offers an opportunity to prudence, in vigour and youth, to make provision against the evening of life and its attendant infirmity. A period is fixed, at which we admit the plea of age as an exemption from professional labour. It is painful to behold the veteran on the stage (compelled by necessity) contending against physical decay, mocking the joyousness of mirth with the feebleness of age! when the energies decline, when the memory fails, and the "big manly voice," "turning again towards childish treble, pipes and whistles in the

sound." We would remove him from the mimic scene, where fiction constitutes the charm; we would not view old age caricaturing itself.—(Applause.)—But as our means may be found, in time of need, inadequate to the fulfilment of our wishes—fearful of raising expectations which we may be unable to gratify—desirous not "to keep the word of promise to the ear, and break it to the hope"—we have presumed to court the assistance of the friends of the drama to strengthen our infant institution. Our appeal has been successful beyond our most sanguine expectations. The distinguished patronage conferred on us by your presence on this occasion, and the substantial support which your benevolence has so liberally afforded to our institution, must impress every member of the Fund with the most grateful sentiments—sentiments which no language can express, no time obliterate.—(Applause.)—I will not trespass longer on your attention. I would the task of acknowledging our obligation had fallen into abler hands.—(Hear, hear.)—In the name of the Stewards, I most respectfully and cordially thank you for the honour you have done us, which greatly overpays our poor endeavours.—(Applause.)—for,

> "All our service
> In every point twice done, and then done double,
> Were poor and single business, to contend,
> Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
> Your patronage loads our house. For those,
> And the *late dignities* heaped up to them,
> We rest your hermits."

Mr V. then proposed "The memory of Garrick—the father and founder of Theatrical Funds; whose benevolence in consulting the welfare of his brethren reflected a lustre on his moral worth, equal to the splendour which his talents shed over the profession of which he was so distinguished an ornament."

Mr J. Cay apologized for the absence of Professor Wilson, from indisposition, and gave the University of Edinburgh, of which he was one of the brightest ornaments.

Lord Meadowbank, after a suitable eulogium, gave the Earl of Fife, which was drunk with three times three.

The Earl of Fife expressed his high gratification at the honour conferred on him. He intimated his approbation of the institution, and his readiness to promote its success by every means in his power. He concluded with giving the health of the Theatrical Company of Edinburgh.

Mr Jones was truly grateful for their kindness; and he now experienced, in appearing before them, all the terrors

which he felt when he beheld himself announced in the bills as a young gentleman who had never before appeared on any stage. After expressing gratitude to the Professional Society of Musicians, who had deferred their Concert to oblige them, he proposed to drink their prosperity.

Sir Walter Scott gave—"Colonel Fraser and the other Officers of the 7th Hussars."

Captain Broadhead returned thanks, and apologized for the absence of Colonel Fraser. He expressed his gratitude for the kindness and hospitality they had experienced in Scotland.

Mr Patrick Robertson rose to propose the health of an illustrious friend—Mr Jeffrey, (loud cheers,) who was unfortunately prevented from attending this meeting by ill health. In Scotland he was acknowledged as the most distinguished advocate who had ever appeared at the bar, —as the highest ornament of literature,—and throughout Europe he was equally known and admired as a critic. (Applause.) If he could pay him an additional compliment, he would only have to speak the sentiments of the junior members of his profession, whose hearts were endeared to him by his kindness, frankness, and cordial manner, no less than his splendid talents attracted their admiration. (Applause.) To say more, particularly in Edinburgh, where his talents and accomplishments were so well known and appreciated, would only heap coals of fire on his own head. He would conclude by once more proposing the health of Mr Jeffrey, which was drank with great enthusiasm.

Mr J. Maconochie gave "the health of Mrs Siddons senior—the most distinguished ornament of the stage."

Sir Walter Scott said, that if any thing could reconcile him to old age, it was the reflection that he had seen the rising as well as the setting sun of Mrs Siddons. He remembered well their breakfasting near to the theatre—waiting the whole day—the crushing at the doors at six o'clock—and their going in and counting their fingers till seven o'clock. But the very first step—the very first word which she uttered, was sufficient to overpay him for all his labours. The house was literally electrified; and it was only from witnessing the effects of her genius, that he could guess to what a pitch theatrical excellence could be carried. Those young fellows who have only seen the setting sun of this distinguished performer, beautiful and serene as that was, must give us old fellows, who have seen its rise, leave to hold our heads a little higher.

Mr Dundas of Arniston proposed a name, which he said had been too long unnoticed, but which must be revered by all who took an interest in the drama; "The memory of Home, the author of Douglas," a name which must be remembered as long as the stage, the drama, or the language of England continues to exist."—Drank in silence.

Mr Mackay here announced that the subscription of the evening amounted to L. 280;—(Applause,) and he begged to return thanks for the interest which the company took in the Theatrical Fund.

Mr Mackay then sung,—"O Duncan, Donald's ready," which was heard with much pleasure, and followed with loud applause.

Sir Walter Scott said he had too long delayed proposing a toast which must be ever hailed with pleasure in a Scottish meeting. He meant the land that bore us,—the Land of Cakes; every river, every loch, every hill, from Tweed to Johnnie Groat's house—every lass in her cottage and countess in her castle;—(Applause.) So long as her sons should stand by her, as their fathers had done, she must be a happy country and a respected one. And he who would not drink a bumper to this toast, may he never drink whisky more.

Sir W. Scott here proposed the health of Lord Meadowbank, though he had plucked the mask from his face. Lord M. returned thanks.

Mr H. G. Bell said, that he should not have ventured to intrude himself upon the attention of the assembly, did he not feel confident, that the toast he begged to have the honour to propose, would make amends for the very imperfect manner in which he might express his sentiments regarding it. It had been said, that notwithstanding the mental supremacy of the present age, notwithstanding that the page of our history was studded with names destined also for the page of immortality,—that the genius of Shakespeare was extinct, and the foundation of his inspiration dried up. It might be that these observations were unfortunately correct, or it might be that we were bewildered with a name, not disappointed of the reality,—for though Shakespeare had brought a Hamlet, an Othello, and a Macbeth, an Ariel, a Juliet, and a Rosalind upon the stage, were there not authors living who had brought as varied, as exquisitely painted, and as undying a range of characters into our hearts? The shape of the mere mould into which genius poured its golden treasures, was surely a matter of little moment —let it be called a Tragedy, a Comedy, or a Waverley

Novel. But even among the dramatic authors of the present day, he was unwilling to allow that there was a great and palpable decline from the glory of preceding ages, and his toast alone would bear him out in denying the truth of the proposition. He would not at present insist either upon the merits of our distinguished countrywoman whose genius gave birth to "De Monfort," or of the younger, but perhaps no less inspired authoress of "The Vespers of Palermo;" or of that other female pen, rendered so deservedly celebrated by the recent tragedy of "The Foscari." Nor would he enlarge upon the talents, already so well known, either of a Croly, a Byron, a Shiel, a Coleridge, or a Maturin. But there was one name to which he was sure the Chairman would forgive him for venturing to call his attention,—a name connected with the most spirit-stirring recollections of the modern drama—a name universally endeared to those who were fortunately acquainted with him who bore it, and no less universally admired by those who knew the value of fearless intrepidity and originality of thought, richness and strength of expression, exuberance of fancy, and delicacy and depth of feeling. He was sure that the Chairman, and many who heard him, already anticipated that the works to which he alluded was that of the author of "Virginius," "Caius Gracchus," and "William Tell." When he mentioned the name of Mr Knowles, he pronounced his eulogy, and it would be superfluous to attempt to enhance its force. Mr Knowles' monument was in his works, and his fame in the spontaneous applause of the crowded theatre; in the tear which glistened in the eye, and the smile which played on the lip. Nor could the approbation of a meeting, such as this, fail to be grateful to him. It was his intention, if possible, to have been present this evening, had not other avocations prevented him, which he regretted much. He begged to have the honour to propose the health of James Sheridan Knowles.

Sir Walter Scott.—Gentlemen, I crave a bumper all over. The last toast reminds me of a neglect of duty. Unaccustomed to a public duty of this kind, errors in conducting the ceremonial of it may be excused, and omissions pardoned. Perhaps I have made one or two omissions in the course of the evening, for which I trust you will grant me your pardon and indulgence. One thing in particular I have omitted, and I would now wish to make amends for it by a libation of reverence and respect to the memory of Shakespeare. He was a man of universal genius, and from a period soon after his own era to the present day, he has been

universally idolized. When I come to his honoured name, I am like the sick man who hung up his crutches at the shrine, and was obliged to confess that he did not walk better than before. It is indeed difficult, gentlemen, to compare him to any other individual. The only one to whom I can at all compare him, is the wonderful Arabian dervise, who dived into the body of each, and in the way became familiar with the thoughts and secrets of their hearts. He was a man of obscure origin, and as a player, limited in his acquirements. But he was born evidently with a universal genius. His eyes glanced at all the varied aspects of life, and his fancy pourtrayed with equal talents the King on the throne, and the clown who cracks his chesnuts at a Christmas fire. Whatever note he takes, he strikes it just and true, and awakens a corresponding cord in our own bosoms. Gentlemen, I propose "The memory of William Shakespeare."

Glee, "Lightly tread his hallowed ground."

After the glee Sir Walter arose, and begged to propose as a toast, the health of a lady, whose living merit is not a little honourable to Scotland. The toast (said he) is also flattering to the national vanity of a Scotchman, as the lady whom I intend to propose is a native of this country. From the public, her works have met with the most favourable reception. One piece of hers in particular was often acted here of late years, and gave pleasure of no mean kind to many brilliant and fashionable audiences. In her private character she (he begged leave to say) is as remarkable as in a public sense she is for her genius. In short, he would in one word name—"Joanna Baillie."

This health being drank, Mr Thorne was called for a song, and sung, with great taste and feeling, "The Anchor's weighed."

W. Menzies, Esq. Advocate, rose to propose the health of a gentleman for many years connected at intervals with the dramatic art in Scotland. Whether we look at the range of characters he performs, or at the capacity which he evinces in executing those which he undertakes, he is equally to be admired. In all his parts he is unrivalled. The individual to whom he alluded is (said he) well known to the gentlemen present, in the characters of Malvolio, Lord Ogelby, and the Green Man; and, in addition to his other qualities, he merits, for his perfection in these characters, the grateful sense of this meeting. He would wish, in the first place, to drink his health as an actor; but he was not less estimable in domestic life, and as a private

gentleman; and when he announced him as one whom the Chairman had honoured with his friendship, he was sure that all present would cordially join him in drinking "The health of Mr Terry."

Mr William Allan of Glen, said that he did not rise with the intention of making a speech. He merely wished to contribute in a few words to the mirth of the evening —an evening which certainly had not passed off without some blunders. It had been understood—at least he had learnt or supposed from the expressions of Mr Pritchard—that it would be sufficient to put a paper, with the name of the contributor, into the box, and that the gentleman thus contributing would be called on for the money next morning. He, for his part, had committed a blunder, but it might serve as a caution to those who may be present at the dinner of next year. He had merely put in his name, written on a slip of paper, without the money. But he would recommend that, as some of the gentlemen might be in the same situation, the box should be again sent round, and he was confident that they, as well as he, would redeem their error.

Sir Walter Scott said, that he was somewhat in the situation of Mrs Anne Page. We have already got, said he, L. 280 for civility, but I should like, I confess, to have the L. 300. He would gratify himself by proposing the health of an honourable person, the Lord Chief Baron, whom England has sent to us, and connecting with it that of his "yokefellow on the bench," as Shakespeare says, Mr Baron Clerk—The Court of Exchequer.

Baron Clerk Rattray regretted the absence of his learned brother. None, he was sure, could be more generous in his nature, or ready to help a Scottish purpose. He is a patron of the institution, the friend of genius and of liberal principles, and it gave him the highest pleasure to find such a judge joined with him in an official situation.

Sir Walter observed, that he hoped we would long have the benefit of his services.

Baron Clerk resumed—I will go farther: like the stern moralist at the other end of the table, I am no enemy to innocent conviviality. We have heard this night the confession of a distinguished individual, and far be it from us to suppose, that it is like the confession of the culprit—his last. We have heard the confession of the Unknown, may we not yet have heard his last words.

Sir Walter Scott.—It was a good old proverb, "that we should keep our ain fish-guts to our ain sea-maws,"—

and this reminded him that there was one name which had a particular right to notice on this occasion. It was that of the person who first established dramatic entertainments in Edinburgh,—one, in short, to whom the drama in this city owes much. He succeeded, not without trouble, and perhaps at some considerable sacrifice, in establishing a Theatre. The younger part of the company may not recollect the Theatre to which I allude; but there are some who with me may remember by name, the Theatre in Carrubber's Close. There Allan Ramsay established his little Theatre. His own pastoral was not fit for the stage, but it has its own admirers in those who love the Doric language in which it is written; and it is not without merits of a very peculiar kind. But, laying aside all considerations of his literary merit, Allan was a good jovial honest fellow, who would crack a bottle with the best—The Memory of Allan Ramsay.

Mr James Maconochie said that he had had two bets, one of which is to go to the fund. Sir Walter regretted they could not both go.

Mr Murray, on being requested, sung, "'Twas merry in the hall," and at the conclusion was greeted with repeated rounds of applause.

Mr Jones.—One omission I conceive has been made.—The cause of the fund has been ably advocated, but it is still susceptible, in my opinion, of an additional charm:

> "Without the smile from partial beauty won,
> Oh what were man?—a world without a sun!"

And there would not be a darker spot in poetry than would be the corner in Shakespeare Square, if, like its neighbour, the Register Office, the Theatre were deserted by the ladies. They are, in fact, our most attractive stars—"The Patronesses of the Theatre—the Ladies of the city of Edinburgh." This toast I ask leave to drink with all the honours which conviviality can confer.

Mr Patrick Robertson.—I feel that I am about to tread on ticklish ground. I am approaching the often disputed point of the North Loch, concerning which, public opinion has been so much excited. The subject is undoubtedly one of importance. What shall be done with it is yet uncertain. I have studied the law, but cannot determine on its complexity. The talk is of a new Theatre, and a bill may be presented for its erection, saving always, and provided the expenses be defrayed, and carried through, provided always it be not opposed. Bearsford Park, or

some such place, might be selected, provided always due notice was given, and so we might have a playhouse, as it were, by possibility. But wherever the new theatre may be erected, I trust we shall meet the Old Company. I mean to take no advantage of the absence of the Lord Provost, neither am I the advocate of Mr Cockburn. But reserving considerations of the interests of both parties, there should be advertisements placarded on the parish kirk doors, hereby intimating that the citizens of Edinburgh intend to erect in this city, for the better accommodation of the Old Company, a new theatre—site unknown—(Great laughter.)

Sir Walter Scott.—Wherever the new Theatre is built, I hope it will not be large. There are two errors which we commonly commit—the one arising from our pride, the other from our poverty. If there are 12 plans, it is odds but the largest, without any regard to comfort, or an eye to the probable expense, is adopted. There was the College projected on this scale, and undertaken in the same manner, and who shall see the end of it? It has been building all my life, and may probably last during the lives of my children, and my children's children. Let it not be said, when we commence a new theatre, as was said on the occasion of laying the foundation stone of a certain building, "behold the endless work begun." Play-going folks should attend somewhat to convenience. The new theatre should, in the first place, be such as may be finished in 18 months or two years; and in the second place, it should be one in which we can hear old friends with comfort. It is better that a Theatre should be crowded now and then, than to have a large Theatre with benches continually empty, to the discouragement of the actors, and the discomfort of the spectators. (Applause.) He then rose, and commenting in flattering terms on the genius of Mackenzie, and his private worth, proposed "The health of Henry Mackenzie, Esq."

Immediately afterwards he said: Gentlemen,—It is now wearing late, and I shall request permission to retire. Like Partridge I may say, "*non sum qualis eram.*" At my time of the day, I can agree with Lord Ogelby as to his rheumatism, and say, "There's a twinge." I hope, therefore, you will excuse me for leaving the chair.—The worthy Baronet then retired amidst long, loud, and rapturous cheering.

Mr Patrick Robertson was then called to the Chair by common acclamation.

Gentlemen,—said Mr Robertson,—I take the liberty of

asking you to fill a bumper to the very brim. There is not one of us who will not remember, while he lives, being present at this day's festival, and the declaration made this night by the gentleman who has just left the Chair. That declaration has rent the veil from the features of the Great Unknown—a name which must now merge in the name of the Great Known. It will be henceforth coupled with the name of Scott, which will become familiar like a household word. We have heard the confession from his own immortal lips—(Cheering), and we cannot dwell with too much or too fervent praise, on the merits of one of the greatest men which Scotland has produced.

Mr Robertson said, he would not trouble the meeting with a speech; but, as he considered the business of the evening was concluded, that is to say, the stated business, he begged to propose the health of a gentleman who had entertained them that night with his speeches, and whom they had all seen on the stage. He gave the health of Mr Jones.

Mr Jones said the honour had been as unexpected as it was gratifying, so much so, that he was utterly at a loss to express his feelings. It was often remarked, in common life, that a man was less able to do justice to his good than to his bad fortune, and that was peculiarly his situation. He begged they would accept his best thanks, his gratitude was overflowing. In Edinburgh he had not only been patronized, but had found a home; and would certainly consider the greatest misfortune of his life, the cause which would compel him to leave this city. (Cheers.)

Mr Robertson said he had understood he had been mistaken in supposing the selected toasts of the evening had been concluded. They had noticed the drama with all respect, and he begged to notice a modest retiring gentleman in the sister art of painting, a man who added honour to the name of Scotland; and while, from the Castle-hill to the Luckenbooths, Auld Reekie could produce such geniuses, they need not yet be ashamed of the name of the modern Athens. He proposed "The health of Mr William Allan, and the Artists of Scotland."

Mr Allan returned thanks, but in a very low tone of voice.

Mr James Hope, son of the Lord President, after an eulogium on the rising genius of Scotland, proposed "The health of Mr J. G. Lockhart, the son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott."

Mr William Allan of Glen begged to propose "The healths of the Ladies of the Theatre."

Mr Robertson begged to propose the health of a distinguished cavalry officer. He would, as use is, state that he was an old soldier, not at all used to public speaking. Of the last assertion they had that night abundant proof; and, as to the former, he could assure them that he was discharged rear-rank man of Captain Bonar's company. And as being a foot soldier, (no horse being able to carry such a burden), he could not be supposed to entertain any jealousy of the other branch of his Majesty's service. He therefore would propose "The health of Sir Hussey Vivian." He did so with peculiar pleasure, as his son was now in the room. (Cheers.)

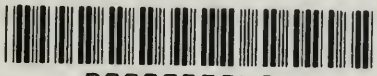
Mr Vivian, in reply, said, if his father had been present, he would have duly appreciated the honour done him. He begged to return thanks in his name, and to drink all their good healths.

Mr Robertson then proposed to drink the health of Mr Burn the architect, which was received with great applause.

After which several other toasts were given, and Mr Robertson left the room about half-past eleven. A few choice spirits, however, rallied round Captain Broadhead, of the 7th Hussars, who was called to the Chair, and the festivity was prolonged till an early hour in the morning. Thus ended this most delightful meeting—a meeting which will not easily be forgotten by any one who had the gratification of being present.

J. PILLANS & SON, PRINTERS, EDINBURGH.

GENERAL LIBRARY - U.C. BERKELEY



B000703045

RETURN TO ⟶ **CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT**
202 Main Library

LOAN PERIOD 1	2	3
HOME USE		
4	5	6

ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS

1-month loans may be renewed by calling 642-3405
1-year loans may be recharged by bringing
Renewals and recharges may be made

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

RECEIVED
JAN 22 1985
NOV 2 8 1984
CIRCULATION DEPT.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY
FORM NO. DD6, 60m, 1/83 BERKELEY, CA 94720